

READ THE BOYS OF NEW YORK. FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.

COMIC. A.D.C. THE FIVE CENT *Archie D. Cook.*

WIDE AWAKE

A.D.C. LIBRARY

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1884, by FRANK TOUSEY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

Entered at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., as Second Class Matter.

No. 635.

COMPLETE.

FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 34 & 36 NORTH MOORE STREET, N. Y.
NEW YORK, NOV. 5, 1884.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

PRICE
5 CENTS.

Vol. I

SASSY SAM SUMNER.

A SEQUEL TO "SASSY SAM." A.D.C.

By COMMODORE AH-LOOK,

Author of "Sassy Sam," "Barnum's Boy Ben," "Cheeky and Chipper; or, Through Thick and Thin," Etc.



"Sassy Sam."



"Job."

Archie D. Cook.

C. A. SAWTELLE
BOOKSELLER
FOR A. T. O. U. T.



SASSY SAM SUMNER.

A Sequel to "Sassy Sam."

By the Author of "Sassy Sam," "Barnum's Boy Ben," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"SAM MEETS AN OLD FRIEND AND AN ENEMY."

On a bright, warm morning in June, Sassy Sam placed his box on the pavement in front of the Astor House, and, releasing his monkey, waited for a customer.

It was the same old box, with S. S. in brass-headed nails on the lid, but the front bore a burnished metal plate, on which was engraved:

SASSY SAM SUMNER,

THE GREAT AMERICAN BOOT-BLACK.

Has skined 'em up

IN

EUROPE, ASIA AND AMERICA.

Y. C. R. T. O.

There he stood, his quick eyes noticing every face that passed, and merrily twinkling when anything amusing occurred; not a bit changed outwardly, while in his heart, he was sorrowing for the poor girl who every one said had found a watery grave in the far Eastern sea.

Giving a bit of oily rag to Job, and setting the animal to work polishing his sign-board, Sassy raked the corner of his cap over his left eye, and, noticing a guest descend the steps of the hotel, shouted:

"Black your boots, cap? Do it in four languages. Give 'em a real Japan shine," when to his astonishment, the gentleman turned and exclaimed:

"What, Sassy Sam?"

"Yer kean't rub that out!" said the boy. "Sassy Sam Sumner, that's my full name," then, recognizing the speaker, added, "Hello, colonel—is that you?" and soon they were shaking hands.

After chatting for a while, the colonel invited him into the hotel, and having secured his box and monkey, Sassy followed the merchant up the steps and into the rotunda, muttering to himself all the while:

"My gracious!—perhaps Mary is with them?" "What will you take?" inquired the colonel, ranging up to the bar.

"I'll suck a cool sarsaparilla," said Sam. "I've sworn off."

"Good for you!" returned the other, adding to the bar-man, "Two cool sarsaparillas!"

"You said something about your wife?" nervously observed Sassy, after he had partaken of his drink; "is Mary with her?"

"Poor girl, no!" sighed the colonel, patting Job, and making the creature dip its nose in the sarsaparilla. "She was lost with my wife."

"Dern it!" muttered Sassy. "How could your wife have been lost if she's here?"

The colonel smiled, then observed:

"The present Mrs. Warde is my second wife."

"Pheugh!" whistled the boy.

"My first wife," continued the colonel, "was drowned in the steamer *State House*, of Boston. Your admirer, poor Mary Sumner, was lost at the same time."

"Are you sure of that?" excitedly inquired Sam.

"Just as sure as that I see you now," quietly answered the gentleman. "I went down to Formosa in the United States ship-of-war *Powhatan*, and helped to avenge their deaths."

"How?" demanded the lad.

"The ship struck on some rocks off Nan-ta-ki and the treacherous Formosians murdered every

soul that landed," said the colonel. "There is no mistake about it."

Sam shuddered, then inquired:

"Did the skunks kill Mary?"

"I believe that the poor girl and my late wife must have remained on board and been drowned, as we could not hear of any women being killed by the savages," replied his friend. "By the way, Sam, I can obtain that five hundred dollars for you!"

Poor fellow, his heart was full, and he could scarcely reply, merely saying:

"Where can I see you this afternoon?"

"Here!" returned the colonel, "I will admit you at any time!"

Sassy dreamily slung his box over his shoulder, tucked Job under his arm and walked out of the rotunda into the busy tide on Broadway, then hastened to his lodging, where he threw himself on his bed, and burying his face in his sleeve, silently gave vent to his grief.

Sam loved Mary deeply, honestly, and truly, and, up to that time, had laughed at the idea of her death, but the news given him by the colonel had crushed his hopes.

"What's matter, Sass?" demanded the keeper of the place, an old sailor named Jack Hand-spike.

"Nothin'!" answered Sam.

"Go long! I know better!" said the old tar;

"has yer gal shook yer?"

"Jack!" he said, drying his tears and rising, "was you ever in Formosa?"

"Ray-ther!" answered the man. "I was cast away off Tai-Waun, as they calls the island."

"Do you know a place called Nan-ka-ti?" eagerly demanded the boy.

Jack smiled scornfully—as though saying:

"Do I know Nan-ka-ti?" then observed, "Why—I was lost there and lived on the north part of the island over ten years!"

"True?" cried Sassy.

"Just as true as I'm here!" returned the other. "Take care of Job for me, will you?" said Sam.

"I'm going to have a holiday!"

"All right!" replied Jack. "Made a strike?"

"Yes!" said the lad, giving one of the old-time grins. "I've struck Hope!"

"Hang on to her, then!" said Jack.

"You bet I will!" laughed Sassy, drying his eyes and springing from the bed.

In a few moments he was on his way to a paint loft in Beekman street.

As he neared his destination, a man, on the opposite side of the way, crossed the road and followed him. It was Bill Collier, the kidnapper.

CHAPTER II.

"ANOTHER MEETING, AND OLD JACK'S STORY."

SAM did not observe that he was shadowed, but kept on until he reached a doorway on the sides of which were a number of signs, among them being the following:

"HANS SCHNEIDER,

Paints and Oils."

Placing two fingers in his mouth, Sassy whistled a signal, and soon heard it repeated from the third loft, whereupon he smiled, mounted the steps, and, upon reaching the third floor, opened a door on which some one had tried a number of colors, then found himself in Schneider's paint store, where his friend Hank was engaged as "mixer" and "general helper." Meanwhile Bill Collier had ascended the stairs after him, and was watching his victim through a knot-hole in the partition,

murmuring: "You escaped me on the Isthmus and in the Sandwich Islands, but, by the eternal, I've got you now!"

Hank had quitted the navy, and was learning the art and mystery of mixing colors.

"Boss is out," he said, as Sam closed the door. "Here, Sass, give us a stir. My wrists ache like everything. Any news?"

Sam seized the paddle, a broad, wooden blade used in mixing bulk-color, and began to stir, when the door was slowly opened and Bill silently entered, pistol in hand.

Sassy understood all at a glance.

"I've got you now," said Bill, with an oath; but ere he could level and fire Sam dropped the paddle, dipped a ladle in the paint—a bright green—and slapped a lot of the liquid into the kidnapper's face; then, once more seizing the stirrer, went for Bill like a hungry soldier does for a stray duck, while Hank joined in and helped lambaste the ruffian.

In a short time Bill was disarmed and secured, and the boys were deliberating what to do with him.

"Dip his cocoanut in the paint," suggested Hank.

"Not much," laughed our hero. "You go and get a cop while I watch him. I'll give the cuss into proper custody. You bet he's wanted for something." When Hank was gone the man snarled:

"You snoozer you, you've painted me nicely, ain't you?"

"Yer kean't rub dat out!" laughed Sassy.

"I'll fix you yet," he growled.

"Don't fret your fat and rend your linen," grinned Sam. "How did you leave Miss Moe?"

Just then Hank returned with the policeman, who, upon searching Bill, found a bundle of letters, after reading which the officer said:

"I want this bloke for kidnapping."

"Been at his old game?" said Sam.

"I'll give up the kid, if you'll let me go," muttered Bill.

"Do you want to prosecute, boys?" demanded the officer. "I've got evidence enough to give this fellow State prison for life, while, if you charge him, you'll only be locked up as witnesses." The fact being there was a heavy reward for the apprehension of the man, and the officer wishing to have all the credit of his capture.

"Truck him off!" laughed Sassy. "When you treat your witnesses like gentlemen, I'll give evidence, until then I'd ray-ther be excused."

After the officer had departed with his painted prize, Sam assisted Hank to clean up the muss, then related what the colonel and old Jack had told him.

"Ain't it dreadful?" he said, once more drying his eyes with his coat-cuff, while Hank sobbed as though his heart would break, saying:

"I'd—I'd—I'd rather have—di-died my-self."

"So would I," said Sam; "but I don't believe she is dead. Since Jack told me what he did, I've great hopes."

"Ja-Ja-Jack is such a thun-thun-thundering old blower," sobbed his companion. "It's dinner-ti-ti-time now. Let's go to him and ask him more about Formosa."

Just then the old Dutchman returned and began to growl about the mess on the floor.

He was full of lager, and called the boys very bad names, finally tossing Hank a five-dollar bill, and saying:

"You schust kit. I've had enough of you, you loafer."

This made Hank mad.

"Take that back," he cried, "or I'll rub your head in the scrap heap."

"You 'Merican rowdy, you!" sneered the paint man. "You dare touch von high Dutchmans like me. *Dunder und blitzen!* I vorth more'n a thousand tam 'Mericans!"

In another instant this disgrace to his country was in a horizontal position, with his head imbedded in the tray in which were deposited the grouts and scrapings of the paint kegs.

"Lie there, you fat, old swab!" grinned Hank, assisting Sassy to secure the man's hands and limbs, "and think yourself lucky to get off so cheaply!"

With which he procured his kit, then withdrew, leaving his late employer muttering:

"*Mine Gott, mine Gott!* der 'Merican boys tink so mooch of demselfs! *Mine Gott!* I'm a high Dutchmans!"

"You bet we do, but you're a low Dutchman now, boss," laughed Hank, while Sam winked a farewell, and observed:

"Yes, we don't allow foreigners to insult us with impunity. Yer can't rub dat out."

After partaking of dinner at Jack's, they sent for some lager for him, then asked the old fellow to tell them all he knew about Formosa.

"It's a lovely island," he said, "full of camphor trees, sugar, tea and rice fields and orange groves."

"And the people?" demanded Sam.

"There's two kinds ov 'em," he replied. "The Chinese settlers, who live on the sou'-west side, an' the original Tai-Waunese, who live on the nor'-east. The first are civilized—that is, they will cut your throat for a dime, and say a prayer to Joss after doing yer little biz; and the others are savages, who only kill them who have injured 'em. Fur my part, give me the reglar Tai-Waunese."

"Do you think they'd kill a woman?" eagerly demanded Sam.

"Not unless she was as comely as a stone-fence, or was a Chineese," said Jack, finishing the last drain of lager. "It's wonderful how they hates the pig-tails."

"Then you think," cried Sassy, "if a pretty girl was east ashore at Nan-ka-ti she would be murdered?"

"No, she'd either be married to some chief or worshiped as a mermaid. The Tai-Waunese believes in mermaids—they took me for one."

Sam looked at Hank, and the latter observed:

"Yer blowing, Jack. How kin a man be a mermaid?"

"Give yer me word they did," emphatically replied the old sailor, whereupon they told him all about Mary.

Going to his sea-chest, Jack drew forth a small bag, made out of canvas, and placing it before Sassy, said:

"It's strange to you, perhaps, that after I have lived in furrin parts, and been treated as a god by the Tai-Waunese, that I should come to keep a lodging-house in New York, but there's my credentials."

Sam opened the bag and shook out a small, fat image of a mermaid, rudely beaten out of raw silver and stamped with a Chinese mark.

"That's *Mel Jin* (man-fish)," observed the old man. "Sam Sumner, I'll sell that to you."

"How much?" demanded Sassy.

"A hundred dollars," said Jack, adding: "I was offered twice that sum for it when I was in the East. With that round yer neck, ye could go from Ke-long to Tam-say. I did swear I'd never part with it, but I likes yer, Sass, an' ye ken hev it."

"I'll buy it," quietly answered Sassy; then, as he proceeded to the Astor House and asked to see Colonel Warde.

In a short time he was ushered into a parlor containing the colonel and a number of his friends, one of whom, a boy, advanced, saying:

"Glad to see you, Sam Sumner. Don't you remember me?"

CHAPTER III.

SASSY'S MEETING WITH HARRY WARDE.

SASSY'S trip round the world had taught him many things, first among these being, that it was not quite the correct thing to say "yes" to a lady, while, at the same time, he knew it would be absurd to affect fine talk among his fellow boot-blacks, so he would say, "Yer kean't rub dat out!" when conversing with his chums, and "You can't rub that out!" when addressing refined people. In other words, he was a right-down, smart, clever fellow, and knew how to speak to a king as well as he did to a gutter-cruiser.

Glancing at the boy who had addressed him as Sam Sumner, he started back, then exclaimed:

"Harry Warde? The boy I saved from the kidnappers?"

"None other!" answered the lad.

"I'm proud to see you!" cried Sam; and turning to the colonel, asked: "Do you know this boy?"

"It's my nephew," smilingly replied the merchant.

"I want to know!" ejaculated Sassy.

"Come," said Harry, "I wish to introduce you to my family," leading Sam forward and presenting him to a serene-looking, middle-aged gentleman, a tall, handsome lady, and a lovely girl, who was about sixteen years old. "Papa, mamma and my sister Lillian."

Some boys would have been nervous about meeting so many well-dressed strangers, but Sassy wasn't that "species of pumpkins;" so after shaking hands all round, he bowed and quietly observed:

"I'm proud to see you, friends."

"You're looking splendidly!" said Harry.

"Traveling seems to agree with you."

"You can't rub that out!" laughingly replied Sam. "I reckon I was born to be a sort of a Stanley."

"Ah, Sumner," observed Mr. Warde, after thanking him for saving Harry's life, "we dine at six. Will you favor us with your company?"

"The favor is yours, mister," said Sassy, to whom the form of invitation was novel.

"Bring your monkey and that wonderful box of yours," said the colonel. "The ladies are dying to hear your adventures."

Sam smiled—a regular old-timer—his eyes sparkling in unison with the dimpled stars in his cheeks, and, as he rose to withdraw, remarked:

"Ladies, Job ain't used to high-toned society, he being more at home at Jack Handspike's, but, as I'd do anything to please you, I'll bring him."

"And your box, Mr. Sumner," said the young lady. "I'll never forgive you if you forget that!"

"Then I'll bring it, sure pop," replied our hero.

"Sam," said the colonel, as Sassy moved towards the door, "allow me to introduce you to Mrs. Warde."

The boy bit his lip, for he was almost saying that he had known the merchant's first wife, but checked himself and, bowing, said:

"I'm proud to know you, ma'am."

"Mrs. Warde number two was a tall, long-featured, foreign-looking person, very unlike Mary's mistress, and Sassy formed an antipathy to her right away. She gave him the tips of her fingers to shake, and glanced so coldly at him that he coldly observed:

"How does the climate agree with you, ma'am?"

"Very well," she returned: then, addressing her companion in quite a loud tone, said:

"I wish my husband would keep his vulgar acquaintances to himself."

Sassy overheard this, but was too much of a man to take any notice of it.

Believing that she was a Japanese lady, Sam had endeavored to be civil to her, while she had seen his mistake, and in lieu of treating it as such, had resented it.

The colonel accompanied him out of the room, and when they reached the corridor, said:

"You must excuse my wife's apparent rudeness; she's nervous and delicate, consumptive, in fact, and is given to displaying her temper, but you must not mind her—she is really very amiable."

"Bless you!" grinned the boy. "She didn't worry me—but if you hadn't told me, colonel, I should never have taken her for an amiable person."

His companion smiled and said:

"Can I do anything for you, Sam?"

"You said you could get that five hundred dollars I sent home for poor Mary," answered the boy.

"It is in Mr. Warde's hands," returned the colonel.

"He might as well hand it over, then!" said Sassy. "I want to make a little investment," with which he related the particulars with regard to Jack Handspike's story, and his offer to sell him the image of the *Mel Jin*.

The colonel listened attentively, although he was not at all delighted with Sassy's idea of going in search of Mary.

For the first time, since his second marriage, he remembered the old adage:

"Never be sure that any one is dead until the corpse is found."

He felt as though a warm and cold stream were simultaneously trickling down his spine.

Unfortunately, his second marriage had proved an unhappy one, but, being a clever fellow, he resolved to make the best of it.

Sam read his disquietude in his face, and whispered:

"It would be ray-ther awk-ward if I was to find both Mary and her lady."

"Sammie," said the merchant, "I wfl do everything in my power for you, and help you to ascertain—what I am sure is a fact—namely, that your sweetheart is no more."

"I can't histe that in," interposed Sam.

"Don't you purchase that silver toy of your boarding-house keeper," said the colonel. "Old sailors are generally notorious perverters of the truth."

"Scuse me," grinned Sassy; "what's that in English?"

"They lie," smilingly answered his friend.

"But my word is given," proudly returned the boy. "I can't go back on that; my word's my bond. Yer kean't rub dat out."

"True," said the other, handing him two hundred dollars. "Always stick to that, Sam."

"You best believe I will!" muttered the boy, and soon he was on his way back to Jack Handspike's.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH SAM IS DECIDEDLY MASHED.

ENTERING the boarding-house, he sought out Old Jack and obtained the silver image, paying him one of the two hundred dollars for the prize, which he proceeded to hang around his neck by the lanyard of the bag.

"Sass," observed the ancient mariner, "if yer find yer Mary you'll bless me for selling yer that! Yer think it's a big price, but it's as cheap as dirt!"

"I wouldn't have bought it if I hadn't thought so," quietly answered Sam.

As the old man rolled the money into a small parcel and stowed it in his tobacco-box, he said:

"Sass, if ever yer meet a Tai-Wanner named Loala, tell her that you've seen Jack Handspike," adding, with a sigh, "she was formerly Mrs. H."

"You don't say!" said Sam; "can she speak English?"

"Her English ain't pertiekler refined," smilingly replied Jack. "She tried my temper awful learning her—she did. I used to swear considerable, in my Tai-Wan days, and she picked it up remarkably quick."

"If I hear a Tai-Wanner ripping 'em out, as you do when the boys don't pay up, I'll ax her if her name is Loala," laughingly observed Sam.

"They ought to send a shipload of missionaries to the place to balance matters!"

"You never swear?" demanded Jack.

"I say gol dern and blame it—sometimes," said Sassy, "but I'm dropping even that—it don't sound healthy!"

"That's so!" mused Jack. "I wish I could drop swearing, but it's like my taste for liquor—chronic! When I was a Tai-Wan mermaid I drank nothing but pure water—now, sudden-death or kill-at-forty-rods ain't strong enough to make me comfortably tight! Sass, take my advice. If ever yer gets to be a Tai-Wan mermaid never leave the Tai-Wanners! They're a whole-souled crowd when they once takes to yer!"

"I'll think over it!" grinned Sam. "Where is Job?"

"Catchin' flies in the kitchen!" said Jack, adding, as though still dwelling upon his Tai-Wan experience: "An' ter think that I should come ter keep a hash mill fur bootblacks?"

Sassy brought Job from the kitchen, combed him and dressed the critter in a blue tunic, starred with white, and a pair of red and white striped pants—in the back of which a button-hole was worked to admit the monkey's tail—then, giving his sign-plate an extra polish and himself a careful wash, sauntered down to the Astor House, and was once more ushered into the presence of the Wardes.

"Oh, what a cunning monkey!" exclaimed Miss Lillian, who had fallen dead in love with Sam at first sight.

"Will he bite, Mr. Sumner?"

No one but Mary called him mister, and the boy felt drawn toward the pretty girl.

It never for a moment occurred to Mr. Warde that his daughter could feel a tender sentiment for a bootblack. He forgot that love is deaf, dumb, blind and crazy.

Harry, Lillian, and Sassy chatted until dinner was announced, and Sam had the pleasure of sitting at the table between the banker's son and daughter.

Sassy watched their actions narrowly, and contrived to pull through very smartly. He soon discovered that high-toned folks do not eat with their knives, or lift their soup-plates to their lips, as his chums did, but nothing would induce him to take a glass of wine.

Miss Warde noticed this and felt proud of him, chatting so agreeably that by the time the dessert was placed upon the table, he felt quite at home with her.

"We want to hear your adventures, Mr. Sam-

her," she whispered. "Mamma and I are dying to know all about you."

"Bless you, Miss Lillian!" he replied. "If I was to try to tell you the history of my life I should shock you. I should talk in my usual style, and you'd never like me again."

"Do not fear that, Mr. Sumner," she returned. "Just tell us everything in your own manner; we don't wish you to polish it; it spoils the interest of a real story, like yours, to put it into formal words. Do you know we used to love to hear Harry repeat your sayings of" (here she imitated him) "'yer kean't rub that out.' We often use the saying—'Fine language does not make a gentleman.'"

"No," he smilingly answered; "yer kean't rub that out, Miss Lillian!"

She turned her beautiful eyes admiringly upon him, and, as she did so, a temporary cloud hid Mary's features from his inner vision, and he yielded himself to the fascination of his charming companion.

"What are you conspiring about?" inquired Mrs. Warde, who had quite taken to Sam.

"Oh, mamma," cried the young lady, "Mr. Sumner has promised to tell us the history of his life."

"We shall be delighted to listen to his adventures," said the lady, while the colonel's wife spitefully remarked to her husband:

"If it isn't absolutely sickening to see Lillian throwing herself at that bootblack fellow's head!"

"Sam is a boy among a thousand!" warmly returned the colonel. "He is honest, truthful, smart, as kind-hearted as a woman should be, and generous to a fault. I would be proud to have him for my nephew!"

"What part of Japan does your new aunt come from, Miss Lillian?" whispered Sam.

"Dear me," laughed the young lady; "she's not a Japanese—she's a Bostonian, born and raised within the sacred shadow of the State House. She has blue blood in her veins."

"I thought she had sour cider," said Sassy.

"She is a regular kill-joy, ain't she, Miss Lillian?"

"You make up for her," admiringly replied the young lady—a remark that caused Sam to flush like a girl, and to murmur to himself:

"Mashed. She's clean mashed over me," whereupon he addressed himself to Harry, and endeavored to avoid yielding to her fascinating ways; but it was no good, and when coffee was served Sam was beginning to worship a new idol—Lillian Warde.

We have never set Sassy up as a wonderful boy—he was a hero, it is true, but not a "goody goody." Human, full of admiration for a pretty girl, and as jolly a lad as ever breathed, it was no wonder that he bowed before the beauty, archness, and amiability of Lillian Warde.

"What is the meaning of these initials on your box?" said the colonel's wife as Sam placed "his trusty friend" upon the table, and set Job to work polishing the inscription.

"Can't you guess, ma'am?" he grinned. "Surely a Boston lady like you, who knows all the languages, can make that out?"

The colonel's wife arose, and, advancing, glanced at the plate, while Job paused and half opened his mouth, as though inclined to give her a nip, noticing which Sam jerked him on to his knee, and gave him a lump of sugar.

Every eye was turned on the lady, who was evidently puzzled with the letters.

"Y. C.," she began, "Young Christians! R. T.!"

She stuck at these letters, and began to rub them with her forefinger, whereupon Lillian smilingly remarked:

"Aunt, mercy! You can't rub that out!"

CHAPTER V.

SASSY REMINDED OF MARY.

"I AM not endeavoring to do anything so foolish," snapped the colonel's wife, not seeing the joke, while the rest of the party smiled and motioned Lillian not to tease her aunt, who continued to puzzle herself over the mystic letters, saying:

"Young Christians—R—T—read this—O—! Oh, I've got it! Young Christians read this out!"

"Out on the first base!" laughed Harry, while Sam glanced merrily at Lillian, saying:

"Yer kean't rub that out, Miss Lily."

"Oh, I do so like to hear you talk," she murmured, looking up admiringly at him. "You ought to have been a minister."

"I've made a deal better boot-black, Miss Lily," he returned.

"Will you kindly give me a moment from your earnest attention to my niece," spitefully inquired the colonel's wife, who would not, or could not, understand what her husband and friends were smiling at.

"Certainly, ma'am!" said Sassy.

"What is the meaning of this absurd inscription? I say it is Young Christians read this out. Now, is it that, or what is it? It's a stupid inscription to put on such a thing, anyhow."

"Yes, ma'am," grinned Sam, imitating her affected voice. "You cannot rub that out."

"But what does it mean?" she persisted, amid the laughter of all, including Sassy.

In vain the boy repeated his favorite sentence; so finally he pointed to each letter separately, saying:

"Y—you—c—can't—r—rub—that—o—out!" whereupon the lady calmly remarked:

"If you had any sense you would have told me that at first."

"You was bent on putting that young Christian in at any price," laughed Sam. "Guess you was thinking of the Y. M. C. A's."

When the laughter and Mrs. Warde had subsided, Sassy rose, and, what he termed, delivered "a lecture on the history of his life."

From eight o'clock until past midnight the boot-black alternately convulsed them with laughter and drew tears from their eyes—even the colonel's wife yielding to the spell of truth, which exceeds all the inventions of writers or story-tellers.

As he proceeded they forgot that he was a street Arab, and admired the manly story, which, in his excitement, he related in his old "Yer kean't rub dat out!" style, pausing every now and then to drop upon his knees, seize his brushes, and illustrate his narrative. They, some of them, for the first time in their lives, learned that a poor boy, a waif, had the same thoughts, feelings, likes and dislikes as their own class, and that God had not made all his heroes out of the superior clay of which they had so fondly believed themselves to be formed.

"I've had a mighty rough time of it," he observed, by way of closing his lecture, in which he had, however, never referred to his love affairs. "I've seen a deal of the world and my fellow-creatures, and learnt that our time here ain't long enough to waste it in revenge, and that pride is like a soap-bubble, or one of them balloons they sells kids—full of nothing but gas! Friends, I've told you most all the history of my life, and now I mean to chuck up der old biz. I'm getting too big for it, and there's lots of poor chaps wants my place—but I'm going to stick to this yer box, triumphantly grasping his trusty friend, "and when I feel kinder stuck up, I'll take a squint at the brass letters old Hank, my chum, nailed on it, and peep into the hole in the lid, made by Aunt Dinah when she thought she was fixing me, and look at these arrow heads the Japs," pointing to the barbs imbedded in the lid, "presented me with; and," reverently bowing his head, "please God, I'll knock along somehow, for I feel bound to do anything, when I sets out to do it! I'm Sassy Sam Sumner, yer know—yer kean't rub that out!" with which he smiled upon the ladies, then seated himself near Lillian, who had never once during his long narration taken her eyes off his face.

"Lily dear," said her mother, "sing 'Home, Sweet Home!'"

The charming girl, who was now completely infatuated with her hero, rose, proceeded to the piano, and in a sweet, sympathetic voice sang Payne's touching ballad.

Sam had never before heard such singing, and when the last words died away, he faintly ejaculated:

"I'm mashed!"

"Are you hurt, Mr. Sumner?" said Lillian, who was the only one who heard the expression.

"Nothing serious!" murmured Sassy. "Say, Miss Lillian, sing us something more? I could listen to you forever!"

"He loves me!" she thought; then, singing to him, and him alone, she played and rendered ballad after ballad, until Sam was, so to speak, taken away from this world and carried to Love-song-land, far from the image of the only one he really worshipped—pretty Mary Sumner.

"Won't you sing to us, Mr. Sumner?" asked his new divinity.

Unfortunately, the list of Sam's songs was somewhat limited, while he was smart enough to know that few of them were suitable for the parlor.

"I'd rather be excused, miss!" he pleaded, but Lillian had set her heart upon hearing him, so he could not refuse her, and sang in a good, musical voice, his favorite "Mulligan Guards," the chorus of which his admirer played with great accuracy; at least, that is the way he afterwards described her performance.

While this was in progress Job was "fossicking" on the table, gradually entwining his chain about the urn, containing scalding water, which had been brought in that the ladies might enjoy a cup of tea. As Sammy was calling out the final chorus, Job endeavored to jump, and in so

doing capsized the contents of the urn all over the table, causing Mrs. Warde to rise in a hurry, and the colonel's wife to expend her pent-up ill-humor in a fit of hysterics, while Lillian quitted the piano, and grasping Sam's hand, eagerly inquired:

"Oh, Mr. Sumner, are you hurt?"

"No, miss," laughed Sassy, "but Job's scalded his tail," a remark which made everybody but Mrs. Colonel laugh heartily.

"I shall retire," moaned that lady. "I have had enough of this individual."

"Don't mind Aunt Mercy, Sam," said Harry.

"Bless you," laughed Sassy, "she don't worry me worth a cent."

"Come, daughter," said the young lady's father, who had hitherto been a quiet listener, "sing my favorite song—'Mary of Argyle.'"

Little thought the young girl what a strange revolution her last song was bound to work in Sam's feelings towards her.

Seating herself at the piano, she gently played the prelude, then sang the charming words in a soft and low, yet silvery voice.

After the first few bars our hero buried his face in his hands and held back his rising sobs, lest she should cease; then, as her voice died away, he rose, mastered his emotion, and bidding them a pleasant good-night, withdrew.

Mary's image once more filled his heart, while Lillian's love was to him but a beautiful dream.

CHAPTER VI.

"OUR HERO ASTONISHES THE BANKER."

THE following morning Sam told Hank of all that had occurred on the preceding evening.

"D'yer think Miss Lillian would get mashed over me?" said the ex-paint-mixer, as Sassy wound up his narrative.

"Scarcely," grinned Sam. "You didn't save her brother from the kidnappers, you know."

"That's so," mused his friend. "I see; she's mashed on yer becos yer saved Harry. Well, of she can't get any one else, I'll take her."

Sassy laughed, and said:

"Oh, don't you worry, old stocking. Miss Lillian can have her pick anywhere." Then, informing his friend that he had an appointment with the colonel, took himself off.

"Sam," observed the merchant, "Mr. Warde wishes to see you. Here are the remaining three hundred dollars of your remittance to Mary," with which he handed him bank-bills for the amount, then said in a low tone: "Have you really made up your mind to go in search of Mary, or rather of her ghost, for she cannot have survived?"

Sassy scratched his head in a puzzled manner. He had a real regard for the colonel, yet did not like to say what he thought, viz.: that the merchant "had married in haste, and would repent at leisure."

"Of course this is private, Sam," continued the colonel. "I have noticed that Miss Lillian likes you."

"Mashed dead!" murmured Sassy, as though thinking aloud. His companion smiled, then went on:

"Now, why not remain on shore. Think of Mary as I do of my late wife, and who knows but that some day you may claim me as a relative?"

"Can't be did," seriously replied our hero. "I couldn't think of Mary as you do of your—I mean—I believe that Mary is alive and your lady drowned. I admire Miss Lillian just as I do the picture of an angel, but, gol darn it, I couldn't give up Mary! I love her. Yer kean't rub that out!"

The colonel bit his lips, for he felt the truth and nobility of the boy's words.

"Sam," he said, after a pause, "Mr. Warde wishes to give you a start in life, to educate you properly, and to place you in his banking establishment. Think twice before you refuse him and forfeit a brilliant future for, to say the least, a dream."

"Colonel," replied the boy, turning his honest eyes clear upon him, "I'm going to Formosa—going to live with the Tai-Wanners, as Jack Handspike calls them. If Mary is there, I shall bring her back or die in the attempt; if—here his voice trembled—"she has gone to heaven, I shall take my chance in life."

"Brave boy," said his friend, squeezing his hand. "Now go and see Mr. Warde."

In a short time Sassy was ushered into the banker's private room, where he found him engaged in letter-writing.

Mr. Warde was a cold, calculating, just man pompous as a drum-major and proud as a Spaniard. Sam, having saved his son from the kidnappers, had made himself the banker's creditor. Therefore, the gentleman's chief thought was

how to pay Sassy for his services, forgetting the fact that there are some things that money cannot recompense.

"Seat yourself, Sumner," he said.

Sam complied, pleasantly observing:

"It's just as cheap as standing, ain't it?"

"I have a communication to make," began the banker.

"Now for it," thought Sassy. "He's going to ask me to marry Miss Lillian."

"You saved the life of my son, Henry Fanueil Warde!"

"Didn't know his name was Fanueil before," grinned Sam, adding in an undertone, "what a darned queer name!"

Mr. Warde frowned, it being, in his eyes, almost a crime to joke with him, then continued:

"I wish to provide you with a good education, then, if you show yourself worthy of my regard, to—"

"It ain't no good, mister!" quickly interposed Sassy. "I'm spoke for."

"How?" returned the astonished banker.

"I know she's mashed," said Sam, seriously, as though deeply regretting the fact. "I felt it the moment I set my eyes on her, but I'm spoke for, mister. Tell her that a feller can't be spoken for in two places, you know—we can't double. Yer kean't rub that out."

"Aw—aw—are you sober, Sumner?" gasped the gentleman.

"I don't think Jack Handspike's coffee would make even a peep tight," laughed Sassy, adding: "I'm as sober as John Gough, who always takes water in his milk."

Mr. Warde stared at him for a moment, then demanded in a severe tone:

"To whom do you refer as being mashed?"

"Miss Lillian," said Sam; "she's clean gone—dead in love with me—but I'm spoke for; Mary Sumner is my gal, mister. You needn't git mad; your daughter is an angel, and love is like the measles; all of us gits it more or less violent; yer kean't rub that out."

The banker understood the matter at a glance. For over a year Lillian had heard Sassy praised as a hero, and when she had met him, his handsome face, and frank, manly way, had completed the conquest.

He could not blame either her or Sam.

"Tell me about your Mary," he said.

Sassy launched forth, completing the story of the preceding evening, and ending with:

"Mister, your daughter, Miss Lillian, is lovely, and as good as she is pooty, but I love my Mary! If you can recommend me to some sea-captain—bound for the far East, that's all I want! I believe that Mary is alive, and, if she is, I'm bound to find her! Neither fire, water, heat, cold, tempest, danger, man, woman, nor Chinese-devil ain't going to hinder me, and I never mean to let up until I have her pretty head nestling on my shoulder, and hear her dear voice saying, I love you, Sass; you can't rub that out!"

Mr. Warde coughed down a queer sensation in his throat, then quietly observed:

"Sumner, you have behaved nobly! Keep your secret with regard to Miss Lillian. You shall have a berth in one of my tea-ships. I own the Green Ball Line."

"Bully for you!" gratefully returned Sassy, forgetting his resolve to talk politely.

CHAPTER VII.

"OFF FOR TAI-WAN."

HARRY spent a great deal of his time with Sam, which caused Hank to become quite jealous.

"Why don't yer take to der Wardes altogether?" snapped the boy. "If I was you I'd drop Mary and freeze on to der banker's daughter?"

Sassy explained everything—that Mr. Warde was fitting him out for a three years' trip, and that he had promised to procure a berth for Hank.

Unfortunately for the latter, when a ship was chosen for Sam, the captain refused to take his friend, saying:

"One bootblack is enough at a time, Mr. Warde."

This came to Hank's ears, and made him feel worse than ever.

The ship, which, by the way, was called the *Lilian Warde*, was to sail on the last day of June, so Sassy had but little time for preparation.

As soon as Hank heard that his friend had been unsuccessful in his application for him he began to have long consultations with Jack Handspike, and to pay mysterious visits to the Green Ball Line wharf.

"He's going to stow himself away on board the *Lilian Warde*," thought Sam, and when Hank talked with him about their approaching separation, old Jack would chuckle and cough until he heartily had a fit, whereupon Sassy would wink

knowingly at him, as though saying: "Bless you, he's artful, but I'm up to his dodges."

On the 23d of June Hank disappeared, and, spite of his friend's inquiries, Sam could only learn from Jack Handspike that his chum was "all right."

Lillian evidently understood and accepted the fact that her idol was in love with another, and gradually began to think of him as she would of a second brother, making him a "ditty bag" (i. e., a small bag in which sailors keep needles, thread, etc.), and furnished it with a good stock of serviceable articles.

Sassy, yielding to a request made by Mrs. Warde, had his portrait taken by Sarony, who was commissioned to enlarge it in crayon, life size, for the lady.

It was a capital likeness, preserving the saucy, merry look of the boy's eyes, and the firm, manly pose in which he usually stood.

At length the "night before sailing" arrived, and the Wardes were once more gathered around the tea-table in their parlor at the Astor House, Sam being lion of the evening.

The banker was old-fashioned, and preferred the Astor to any of the up-town hotels.

"So you're off to-morrow, Sam?" observed Mrs. Warde, pouring him out a cup of tea.

"Yes, ma'am!" replied Sassy. "I'm off, and I've only one regret—Hank! I can't believe that he's stowed himself away a whole week—he'd starve to death."

"Oh, he will turn up!" laughingly remarked the colonel, who had taken passage by the ship for himself and wife. "When we are clear of the land your chum will come on deck, looking as thin as a bamboo."

"I hope so," said Sassy.

"By the way," said Mr. Warde, "they have sentenced that man Collier to imprisonment for life."

"Serves him right!" muttered Sam. "If he had been round, I should have laid Hank's disappearance to his charge."

After tea was cleared away, they chatted for awhile, then Lillian played some brilliant French music, but quietly declined to sing, so Sam withdrew early.

At Jack Handspike's there was a farewell supper given to prominent members of the profession, in honor of Sassy's departure, and paid for by him—and for two hours the boy talked boot-black lingo like one of the old crew.

The refreshments were lager beer and pies, and the boys contrived to swallow a considerable amount of both.

"Here's luck ter yer, old stock!" they cried. "Yer've bin a hunky boy in der perfesshun, Sass—good luck ter yer at sea—old brush."

"Goin' ter find yer mash—hey, Sam?" inquired one of his friends. "Won't yer sell yer ole box?"

"Can't be did," grinned Sassy. "I'm goin' ter keep it for luck."

"We'll see yer off ter-morrer," they cried, as they rose to depart. "The cap'n will see yer arn't no common trash."

Old Jack was solemnly and wonderfully tight, in spite of which he would not blab on Hank, merely remarking:

"I tell yer—he's all right! He's—all—right!"

Sam slept soundly, and upon rising the next morning, felt as gay as a lark.

His chest, in one compartment of which was his "trusty friend," was on board, and Job was already located in the fore-castle; Sassy having elected to go before the mast, so he had no baggage to encumber him, and, after breakfasting, proceeded down to Wall street, where he changed his balance of currency for American gold, which he wrapped in flannel, and deposited with the silver mermaid, in the bag slung about his neck, then made the best of his way down to the ship, alongside of which a steam-tug was puffing and grunting like a machine-made hog.

The captain, a short, merry-looking man, named Tuttle, saluted him with:

"Well, Sam, brought your misery aboard?"

"Yer kean't rub that out," said the boy, endeavoring to look brighter, for the sight of the ship made him somewhat sad; but it was no use, saying good-bye flattens out the best of us.

About eleven o'clock the colonel and the Wardes arrived, soon after which a couple of hundred boot-blacks swarmed down to the wharf, and led by Old Jack, gave three times three and a tiger for Sassy Sam Sumner.

As the sailors prepared to cast off the gangway-plank, Sam shook hands with all the lads within his reach, and Jack, who was as full as a bottle, solemnly gave him a note, saying:

"It's all right 'bout Hank—Sass. Luck ter yer—me—son," then fell back, and was tenderly laid on some casks until he recovered from his emotion.

"Good-bye—good luck ter yer, Sass!" shouted

the boys, as they crowded on the piles and pier-head. "Yer've got a bully send off."

"Yes," he smilingly answered. "Yer kean't rub dat out!"

CHAPTER VIII.

PARTING GIFTS.

FROM the moment of starting, Sassy was one of the crew, and as such, set to work right away—it being clearly understood by him that he was to do just as the sailors did, and not to expect favors because he knew the owners and Colonel Warde.

"Sumner," said the captain, "come aft and take the lee-side of the wheel."

"Aye, aye, sir!" cried Sam, and soon he was where he could see the last of his friends.

Mr. Warde had offered to pay his passage, but the boy hated to be idle, beside which he wanted to learn a sailor's duties, so he had elected to go forward, and, having done this, had no desire to be treated differently from his new associates. It was, however, agreed that he should quit the ship at Amoy.

The *Lilian Warde* was towed swiftly down the bay, and when off Sandy Hook was cast off from the tug, on board which Lillian, Harry, and Mr. and Mrs. Warde had, at the last moment, embarked.

Before quitting the ship they had shaken hands with Sam, and informed him that the colonel would give him a number of presents which they had brought for him, but otherwise had treated him just as they did the rest of the crew.

This pleased the sailors.

"Can you manage to dip the flag, Sumner?" said the skipper. "I guess you're sailor enough for that!"

Sassy grinned, and springing aft, cast off the halyards, then, as the tug fell astern, lowered and hoisted the Stars and Stripes from the mizzen-peak, while Job, perched aloft on the boom, was chattering and screeching just as though he knew what was going on.

"Good-bye! Good-bye! Good-bye!" came the voices of his friends, and the last face he could discern was Lillian's, who was evidently weeping.

"That will do, Sumner!" said the captain, as Sam, in his emotion, almost jerked the colors through the halyard block. "Now go forward and help make sail."

The men were rushing hither and thither, pulling and hauling like demons, and Sassy soon found enough to think about without watching the steam tug.

"Way 'loft, an' loosen the fore top-gallant sail!" cried the mate. "Come, Sam, slip lively!"

Sassy knew considerable about a sailor's duties, he having kept his eyes open during his famous boot-blackening trip, and his knowledge astonished the crew, who, hearing that he had been in the profession, had determined to call him "Shine'em."

They, having a fair wind, had little to do besides catting and fishing the anchors, and even that was not done until nightfall; so, after clearing up the decks, the watch was set, and Sam was told that he could go below until four o'clock.

Calling Job from aloft, Sassy proceeded to the fore-castle, and was arranging his bed when the bully of the watch, a quartermaster named Inglis, growled out:

"Here, Shine'em, go to the galley and fetch the dinner."

Sam did not notice this; upon which the man repeated his order, adding an oath to it, and speaking so that Sassy could scarcely misunderstand his meaning. Still the boy did not answer.

Seizing a mess-tin, the fellow threw it at Sam's head, but the lad was too smart for him, and, catching it, returned the compliment, striking the bully on the forehead and knocking him clear over a sea-chest.

The rest of the watch stood aghast, as the man was a desperate character, who had committed more than one murderous assault upon them.

The quartermaster rose and reached his hand behind him, whereupon Sassy quickly drew a revolver from his hip-pocket, and, cocking it, said:

"Come—you can't take a joke! If you want a shine, I'll give you one, but it will last your lifetime, mister."

"I didn't know your name, dern you!" growled the rowdy.

"I don't know yours, dern you!" said Sassy. "My name is Sam Sumner. I'm willing to shake hands, but not to be called Shine'em."

"Good enough!" growled the man, who ad-

mired a plucky young fellow like our young friend.

"Come!" said the chief officer, who had watched the affair from the hatchway above. "Sumner, hand over that pistol, and you, Inglis!"

"I haven't got one," said the quartermaster. "I was only bluffing him."

"I straddled and went yer one better," grinned Sassy. "Yer kean't rub dat out," with which he handed his weapon to the chief officer.

From that moment Inglis treated Sam as a man, and, when they went on duty at four o'clock, did his best to initiate him in the mysteries of seamanship.

In the first dog-watch, the colonel sent for Sassy, and, taking him into the state-room, showed him several packages, sent on board by the Wardes.

"There's a repeating rifle and a case of ammunition from Mr. Warde," observed his friend. "You must leave them with us, as the cartridges will have to be placed in the ship's magazine, and fire-arms are not allowed in the fore-castle!"

"So I find!" laughed the boy.

"There's a handsome little musical box, with six shifts of barrels, from Mrs. Warde," continued the other, "and this small package from Miss Warde!—Oh!—and there's a second rifle from Harry—they mean that you shall be well armed when you land in Tai-Wan!"

"Yer kean't rub dat out," grinned Sam.

"One moment," interposed the other. "In addition to these presents, Mr. Warde has instructed me, if you require it, to furnish you with money up to a thousand dollars!"

"He's a bully man!" said Sassy, taking Lillian's package. "If I wants a few dollars, I'll ask you for them!" Then, placing the young lady's package in the bosom of his shirt, quitted the cabin.

Upon reaching the fore-castle, he found the men at cards, so securing a place near the lamp, drew forth his present, bringing with it the letter handed to him by old Jack Handspike, which was, as he had at the moment of receiving, supposed, from Hank, and ran:

"New York, June 23, 187—

"DEAR SASSY:—As there ain't no sort of show for me in the *Lillian Warde*, I've changed my mind. Therefore you needn't hunt for me aboard her.

"HANK."

Sam sighed and, opening Lillian's package, murmured:

"This is from my mash!"

The paper contained a small box in which he found a gold, quadruple locket, containing portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Warde, Lillian, and her brother Harry, while engraved within the lid was the following:

FROM TRUE FRIENDS.

Yer kean't rub dat out!

"Bless her!" he murmured, "she didn't despise me because I couldn't sling dictionary," while Job, who just then crawled towards him, cried:

"Chee-chee-chee!"

CHAPTER IX.

JOB LOSES SOMETHING, AND SASSY GOES FOR A LADY.

SOME folks say life at sea is monotonous. I, who have spent half my years afloat, deny this; it is the people, not the sea, who are to blame for dullness.

The ocean is never two days alike! Sometimes it smiles like a pretty girl, and laps playfully against the ship's side, at others it rocks the vessel as a mother does her child, until one's eternal fixings seem to get all in a muss, then again it gets real mad and goes for the hull like a fury for her husband, shovel and tongs, while at others it glitters like a harlequin's coat and sparkles like a broad belt of diamonds.

It's a downright untruth to term the grand old ocean monotonous; one might as well apply the description to a monkey, who is never two moments quiet, and even in its sleep, makes faces and assumes a variety of attitudes.

Allow me to remark, gentle reader, that, upon this subject, Sam's opinion and mine are identical.

On the second morning out they encountered a smart gale from the north-east, which caused them to reduce their sail and cleared the contents of many a troubled stomach, among which was Job's; who gazed over the side and paid his convulsive little tribute to old Father Neptune.

Unfortunately, in order to keep his balance, the

monkey had inserted the point of his long tail in the fore-sheet block, and, as the latter was greased, and swung with the motion of the ship, he, in his agony, gradually tightened and worked in his caudal appendage until it was chock up to the sheave, when, deeming himself securely anchored, he closed his eyes, opened his jaws, and committed the balance of his "trouble" to the deep.

Unfortunately for the monkey, the captain gave the order "bout ship," and ere Job could withdraw his narrative, "whiz" went the block; the friction cutting off his tail as clean as though it had been divided with an ax.

Uttering a shrill cry, he dropped his paws to the stump, then rushed into the fore-castle, where, removing the covering, he turned the stump to Sassy and uttered a low:

"Wow-ch-wow-woow!"

"Blame it!" cried Sam. "Some one has cut Job's tail off! He'll never want another button-hole worked in the back of his pants!" and out he started to avenge his favorite.

"Come!" shouted the mate. "Tail on here, Sam, and give us your pound!" meaning, as he came on deck during his watch below, that he might give them a pull on the jib sheet.

Sassy did as he was asked, then, when the ship was "about," looked round for the person who had deprived Job of his tail.

Just then the ship's cook, a darkey named Julius, came along the deck, carrying the portion Job now so greatly missed.

"Where did you get that tail from?" demanded Sam.

"Wa-wa-what?" replied Julius, who stammered fearfully.

"Where did that tail come from?" angrily inquired Sassy.

"Ya!" grinned the cook; "why, done ya kno', Sam?"

"I shouldn't ask if I did!" returned the boy, snatching the bleeding article from the man's grasp. "Once more I ask you where it came from?"

"S'curious," smiled Julius, who was on his dignity. "Done ya kno', Sam? Fort ya ka-ka-knowed ebbertying!"

By this time the watch had gathered about them, and were anxious to see what Sassy was going to do about it.

"Are you going to tell me where this tail came from, or shall I lick yer into dry-hash?" cried the boy.

Julius uttered a fearful African Ya-houp! then said:

"Done ya kno'?—Kl—I tort yer ka-ka-ka-know'd ebbertying! Why," here he smiled until his lips curled round under his ears, "my go-go-go-good frien', dat ya monkey's tail came from de lower pa-part ob de critter's back—of ya look you'll see de stump wa' it was picked off!" with which he danced Juba, gave vent to a negro shout, and set all hands laughing.

"I'll go for the snoozer who did it!" angrily observed Sam, glancing round at the watch. "If he'll only step out like a man, I'll give him hip-pe-cek."

"I know who did it!" said one of the men.

"Name him!" cried Sassy, excitedly—pulling off his blue shirt.

The sailor laughed, then replied:

"Mister Fore-sheet!"

"So-so-sold Sas-s-s-sassy!" stammered Julius.

Sam good humoredly laughed at his own blunder, then, putting on his garment, closed his left eye and said:

"Yes, boys—I'm sold this deal—yer kean't rub dat out!" after which he went up and asked the captain to give him a piece of arnica-plaster.

"What were you flourishing round loose for, for'ard?" inquired the skipper.

Sam related what he had done, whereupon the captain quietly observed:

"Sumner, don't be so handy with your talk about licking folks, you'll get more than you bargain for."

Sassy took this advice in good part, and determined to profit by it.

Going forward he sought out Job, who was trembling and holding the stump of his tail just as a fireman does a cold hose-nozzle.

Sam plastered the wound, putting on a sort of a capsule, which looked very comical indeed, then cleaned up the blood and prepared to go on deck.

"We shall keep on this tack for some time, Sam," said the mate; "so you can go aft and take a spell at the lee side of the wheel."

Sassy did as he was directed.

In a short time Mrs. Colonel Warde came on deck, looking as sick as a cat with the colic.

Sam felt sorry for the lady, and asked the quartermaster if he should assist her.

"Yes," said the man, "the ship is rolling so that she might lose the number of her mess,"

meaning that she ran the risk of falling overboard.

Quitting the wheel, Sassy advanced and politely offered to assist her, but she declined, ungraciously enough to anger a less good-humored person than Sam, so he returned to his duty.

She had just stung the colonel with her angry tongue, and left him to think over his mistake in marrying her, and of his first wife's amiable disposition.

Advancing to the starboard rail, she leaned over and was very unwell, seeing which, Sam and the quartermaster politely looked another way. As they did so the ship gave a tremendous lurch and a quick roll to leeward, pitching her over the rail into the frothy billows as easily as a child would throw a cork into a puddle.

As she descended she uttered a piercing scream, which caused Sassy to turn his head.

"Woman overboard!" he shouted, quitting his hold of the wheel and springing to the ship's side.

Glancing down into the seething water, he saw the drowning woman's white, agonizing features, then kicking off his shoes, joined his hands diver fashion, and plunged to her rescue.

"Bout ship!" cried the man at the wheel, "Sam's overboard!"

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH SASSY LEARNS WHAT A JONAS IS.

As the sailor uttered the alarm he seized a circular life-buoy and pitched it over the stern of the vessel.

"Hands 'bout ship!" bawled the officer of the watch, and soon the craft stopped and swung round before the wind, then began slowly to move toward the spot where Sassy and the lady were struggling in the water, the colonel's wife floating like a duck.

"Come!" said Sam, as she clutched him convulsively. "Don't be so durned fond of me! Your clothes will keep you up!" with which he dived, in order to clude her grasp and allowed her to expend her energy, after which he swam to and secured the life-buoy, then returned to her, and, placing it within her reach, panted, "Ketch hold of that, ma'am, and hug it like forty."

"Oh!" she sobbed, "I'm dro-dro-drowning."

"You're all O. K., ma'am!" he returned, swimming round her. "Grab hold of that tightly and you'll float like a Mel-jin."

"I ca—ca—can't swim," she moaned, as a white cap broke over her and slapped her in the eye. "Oh, I'm go—go—going!"

Just then the ship passed them on the back-tack, and Sassy noticed that they were in the act of lowering a boat.

"Keep your courage up, ma'am," he grunted. "The colonel's coming after you. Your clothes are as good as a life-buoy."

"Oh, you horrid thing, you!" she snapped. "Why don't you help me? The water hurts my face."

"Sorry," he answered, turning his body and standing on his head in the water, then inverting himself and coming up closer to her, this feat being a common one of his.

Just then the boat neared them, seeing which Sassy dived toward it, and came up astern, where he hung on to the rudder.

They hauled the lady into the boat, then began to look for Sam.

"He's drowned!" cried the colonel.

"Serves him right!" snapped the lady, spitefully. "He wouldn't let me catch hold of him, and, when I clutched him, he flipped water into my eyes and made me let go!"

"My gracious!" said her husband. "He saved your life, Mercy. Your garments only buoyed you for a few moments."

"Yer kean't rub dat out!" laughingly observed Sassy, grasping the gunwale of the boat and lifting his chin over it. "Come, boys, help a shipwreck in. I've had a bully old swim."

They assisted him on board, and pulled back to the ship; then, when the boat was hoisted, retraced their route, and soon the brave act was a thing of the past, while Sam went forward to change his duds.

As he was returning to the wheel the captain stopped him, saying:

"Sumner, you ought to have a medal. It was a most daring act."

"Yer kean't rub dat out," he smilingly answered. "At first I felt inclined to let her drown a little, but she's a woman, you know, cap'n. I once had to lift old Aunt Dinah a histe of the jaw, but I've always regretted it."

"Here's my hand, boy," said the skipper. "Mr. Warde spoke highly of you. I find he was correct in his opinion."

"I can speak quite as well of him," said Sassy. "In fact, nearly all of his crowd are high-toned; the only exception being the lady I have just saved," with which he shook the captain's hand, and, walking aft, resumed his place at the lee side of the wheel, after which the colonel came on deck and thanked him, saying:

"I hope, Sam, that you didn't feel hurt at my wife's hasty speech?"

"Bless you, colonel," he quietly replied, "hasty speeches are like what we, in the old profession, used to call hasty puddings—they're soon made, and it's best to swallow 'em while they're hot; they ain't nice cold."

"You're a philosopher, Sam," said his friend.

"No, I ain't," grinned Sassy. "I'm a sailor boy on board the good ship *Lilian Warde*. Yer kean't rub dat out."

After a while the lady came on deck again, and, urged by her husband, thanked Sam; but she evidently did not relish doing so.

"That don't come from the bottom of her heart, Sassy," whispered the quartermaster, as she retired below, followed by her husband.

"You bet it don't," laughed Sam. "The bottom dropped out of her heart some years ago. They crammed her so full of heavy pride that something had to go. Even a Boston lady can only hold a certain amount of high-tone."

"Why did the colonel marry her?" inquired the sailor.

"Conundrum—give it up," laughed Sassy, adding: "I guess that he'd like to serve her in the same way."

Everything seemed against them for the next few days, and finally the sailors began to grumble, saying:

"There's a Jonas aboard, Sam!"

"Who's he—a passenger?" inquired the boy.

"Haven't you read the Bible?" asked one of the men.

"Oh! you mean the rooster who was swallowed by a whale," answered the boy. "Yes; a lady once gave me a tract with the 'count of his boarding inside a whale for a long time. I remember all about it; but Jonas is dead!"

Sam was ignorant of the sailor's superstition with regard to most unfortunates who, by bringing bad luck on board, are termed a "Jonas."

On the fourteenth day out a shark appeared on the starboard quarter, and the crew became positively mutinous, vowing that the Jonas ought to be thrown overboard.

Two days after this one of the men was stricken down with small-pox.

A general panic now took possession of the forward hands, who, with a few exceptions, were unvaccinated, but Sam came out quite strong as a nurse, and did not betray any fear.

One by one the crew dropped off until six out of the twenty-four hands were consigned to the deep, the sharks following the ship like a pack of hounds; still Sassy stuck to his place by the sick, and it was entirely owing to his care that some of them recovered.

The last one to be seized was Mrs. Colonel Warde, and, spite of her husband's care, she gave up all hope and died.

The funeral took place at sunset, and as the body was lowered into the deep, the last shark darted after it, and they never saw the monster again.

Strangely enough, the wind shifted as the sun vanished below the horizon, and from that hour they had pleasant weather.

When the funeral services were concluded, Sam went forward, when he heard the boatswain say:

"Jonas has gone."

"Which one of 'em was it?" he demanded, putting a fresh capsule of plaster on Job's stump.

"The female!" answered the boatswain. "I ses to Eph Carter when I fust saw her embark, 'Eph, I ses, 'this are the Jonas,' ses I!"

Sassy grinned, for he didn't believe a word of this, and winking at Job, said:

"She's in a fish's interior now anyhow! Yer kean't rub dat out!"

CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH THE FLY WHIPS THE SPIDER.

In consequence of being short-handed, Captain Tuttle decided to put in at the Cape, and in due time the *Lilian Warde* cast anchor in Table Bay.

"Sam," said the skipper, "I am going to make you coxswain of my gig. I see you can pull a good oar and do not drink."

Sassy smiled, for this information meant a run on shore.

The colonel, who had been most devoted to his wife, and who had grieved considerably, eagerly embraced the opportunity of quitting the ship for

a while, and accompanied the captain when the latter embarked in the gig.

Sassy was dressed "all atanto," as Jack calls it. White gun-mouth pants, white drill shirt, deep blue collar, trimmed with three rows of white braid, white knife lanyard, and sinnett hat resting on "three hairs" at the back of his head.

He looked every inch a sailor.

"Oars!" he cried, as the skipper followed the colonel into the boat. "Shove off, bow."

Captain Tuttle used a coxswain—English fashion—and Sassy, as he sat behind the back-board, looked so ship-shape, that the natives took the boat for a man-o'-war gig.

"You'll have to live on shore," said the skipper, as he steered for the pier; "I guess that won't worry you, Sumner."

"Nothing does that," observed the colonel.

Sam smiled, and, leaning over, whispered to his friend:

"Yer kean't rub dat out!"

As they neared the landing-place the colonel handed Sassy a twenty dollar gold piece, but the boy would not take it.

"I owe you something," said the merchant.

"When you do you can pay me," quietly returned Sam. "I've got plenty of money."

Unluckily for the boy this observation was overheard by one of the boat's crew—a man who was a good sailor, but who was suspected by his shipmates of being a thief.

"Oars!" shouted Sassy, as they touched the steps of the landing.

"Scrub the boat's bottom," observed the captain, as he disembarked, "then bring her gear up to the hotel."

"Aye, aye, sir!" answered Sam, and when the skipper and his companions had landed, he ordered the crew to haul the boat out of the water and to scrape her for painting.

First one and then another of the four men slipped off to get a drink, and, finally, Sassy and the man, whose name was Larry, were left alone; this kept them busy until sunset.

Larry had been in Capetown before, and was up to all the tricks of the place.

Collecting the gratings, backboard, yoke, and other gear belonging to the boat, the man and boy walked up to the hotel, and placing the articles in the captain's room, proceeded to enjoy their supper.

"Capetown is the place to see life," remarked Larry, regretfully; "only I've got no money."

"What is there to see?" inquired Sassy.

"Well," mused the man, "all sailors—unless they're feather-bed Jacks (a term of reproach among seamen, meaning that they want feather-beds to lie on instead of hammocks), goes up to Mother Buckshevice's and treats the gals to a dance."

"More fools they," said Sam.

"So I always thinks," returned Larry, changing his tactics. "Shall we go to the Theater Royal?"

"I don't mind that," observed Sassy; "I rather like to go to the play."

"Come along, bub!" said Larry. "The entrance ain't so good as those of the New York theaters, but the performance is bully!"

They sauntered out into the dusty streets and walked about for some time, gradually leaving the respectable part of the city, and entering a quarter occupied by sailors' boarding-houses and low dance-shops.

"This way," said the man, leading his companion up a blind alley.

Sam followed, though, to tell the truth, he felt somewhat reluctant, and did not move readily.

Opening the door of a dilapidated shanty, Larry said: "Come along, Sam," but Sassy held back, whereupon the rowdy drew a slung-shot from his sleeve, and was about to deliver a blow, when Sam let drive with his left and knocked him sprawling, at the same time springing forward and securing the weapon.

As he did this, a chocolate-colored woman came from a rear apartment, and demanded:

"Why yous make dis row in respectable house, you tiefs?"

"Who are you, anyhow?" asked Sam.

"Queen Victoria!" answered the hag; who, like many of the colored ladies of Capetown, had adopted the high-sounding title.

"Don't say?" grinned Sassy. "You ain't pooty!"

"Yes, sar!" she snapped. "Dis de Albert House kep' by Queen Victoria, sar!"

"Are you a widow lady?" he said.

"None ob your impudence!" she loftily returned.

"Scuse me!" laughed Sam, "but I know a king who is single! You'd make a bully pair as far as color goes!" adding, "his name is Calico!"

"You kill Larry!" she said, bending over the sailor. "Me know him!"

Just then Sassy fancied that he heard a familiar voice inside, so he inquired:

"Who have you got in the shebang, queen?"

"Dern yer," he heard the voice say, "I won't drink any more. Ye've half pisened me!"

"I know that voice?"

"Come, yous get!" she suspiciously remarked.

"I can't stay bodderin' wid yous!"

Sassy looked first at her and then at Larry, who was beginning to recover his senses. He was undecided whether to go to the assistance of the person inside or to quit the place.

"Maybe," he thought, "it's only a drunken sailor, and if I interfere, I may get my skull split for nothing!"

"I tell yer I knows yer game," continued the voice. "Ye've drugged me an' kept me until my ship sailed, an' now yer want ter Shanghai me! Yer kean't rub dat out!"

Noticing that Sam recognized the voice of the imprisoned one, the hag picked up an ax and, brandishing it over her head, cried:

"Yous go, or Queen Victoria'll split yous head, an'—"

But ere she could complete the sentence, Sassy snatched the weapon from her grasp, and, tripping her up, rushed into the inner apartment, where two Cape ruffians were choking a boy, who was lying bound on the floor.

"Drop him, you skunks, or I'll make charqui of you!"

The rowdies released their prisoner, who turned, and, upon seeing our hero's face, ejaculated:

"Well, gol derned if it ain't old Sassy!"

It was Hank.

"Step lively!" cried Sam, cutting his bonds and dragging him away. "You've got into a nice hole, Hank. Yer kean't rub dat out."

CHAPTER XII.

A CAPETOWN JUSTICE PUTS A FULL STOP TO SAM'S PLANS.

As they passed her colored majesty, Queen Victoria, she slanged them fearfully, but did not attempt to bar their passage, while Larry sat up, rubbed his eyes, and cussed, by way of chorus.

Upon reaching the main street Sam piloted his friend towards the hotel, but ere they had proceeded a couple of blocks Hank fell to the ground, fainting.

Just then a native policeman came up, and, without waiting to hear what Sassy had to say, "rapped" for aid by striking his staff against a fence, and presently brought another cop to his assistance.

Both of the men were Caffres, and about half civilized.

"Drunk sailor!" observed the first officer.

"He's as sober as you are!" indignantly protested Sam.

"You lie!" calmly returned the second cop, that being about all the English he knew.

As Sassy afterwards said:

"It's bad enough to be spoken to like that by a white man, but to be told you lie by a Caffre is rather too much of a good thing."

"Run um in!" suggested the first Caffre. However, before they could lay their hands on Hank, Sassy drew his life-preserver and whacked the cops across their noses and over their heads until he laid them out on the sidewalk, then, pitching their staves into the ditch or sewer on the opposite side of the road, raised his chum on his back and walked him down to the hotel.

After a while Hank revived and related his adventures.

It appeared that a week before the *Lilian Warde* sailed, the boy had obtained a berth on board another of the Green Ball Line, bound for China, by way of the Cape.

Hank had determined to keep this a secret from all but Jack Handspike, and to have landed at Amoy and have surprised Sam when the latter arrived, but "man proposes and God disposes," and upon reaching Table Bay he had gone on shore, taken too much "Cape Smoke," and been Shanghaied, i.e., seized by the keepers of a low boarding-house, and filled with liquor as long as his ship remained in harbor, then kept half intoxicated until another craft arrived, when they intended to ship him and to pocket a fee and the month's advance, paid when sailors join a ship for a long voyage.

"I wouldn't swaller their pisen," he observed to Sam.

"Lucky for you," laughed our hero. "I thought I knew your voice, old Hank."

The ill-used lad took a bath, while his friend sought out the captain, who was in the billiard-room, and related his story to him.

"I always suspected Larry," observed the skipper. "You have had a narrow escape, boy! The old woman who calls herself Queen Victoria has a very bad reputation!"

"Like her cheek to call herself a queen, anyhow," laughed Sassy.

"No one can hinder her," returned the skipper. "It's the same at home, where folks, who never smelt salt water or the smoke of battle, call themselves captain or colonel!"

"Or invents a pill and dubs themselves doctor?" grinned the boy. "I knowed a man in my old perfession who, because he had only one eye, called himself a 'Professor of Polishing,'" adding, comically, "but he was a derved beat, he never blacked the heels of his customers' boots."

"Sam," said the captain, smiling at this description, "tell your friend Hank that I will ship him. I'm glad that you've found him, but sorry that you assaulted the policemen. I'm afraid you'll hear more of this."

Sassy and his chum sat up half the night talking over their respective adventures.

"Got my letter?" inquired Hank. "Der one I sent by old Jack."

Sam nodded, and observed:

"We shall soon arrive at Amoy; then we can quit the ship, take a passage to Formosa, and begin our search for Mary."

"Amen!" said Hank. "I'm there."

At daybreak next morning they were aroused by a waiter, who ushered a white sergeant and about forty Caffre police into their room.

"Hello!" grinned Sassy. "A deputation wanting us to run for an African Congress! Not today, my fair friends!"

"Get up!" growled the sergeant, a fat, fussy man, coming to the front.

"Go 'long," laughed Sam. "We're tired."

"If you don't, my men shall drag you to the station-house in your shirts!" angrily replied the man.

"Give him a stew, and ax him what he'll take with it?" said Hank, lazily stretching himself.

"Will you smile?" calmly observed Sassy, adding, "who are you, mister, anyhow?"

"I'm Sergeant Jinks, of the Capetown Native Police," stiffly returned the man. "Are you going to get up?"

Instead of replying directly, Sam inquired:

"Any relation of Cap'n Jinks of the Hoss Marines, who fed his hoss on pork and beans—hey?"

The sergeant could not avoid smiling, then handing the boys two documents bearing the royal arms of England, said:

"I arrest you in the name of Her Majesty Queen Victoria and the Government of Capetown."

"I wonder you ain't ashamed to mention such an old hag as Queen Victoria!" said Sassy, referring to the old Caffre woman. "Do you know she went for me with a meat-ax, last night?"

"Am I sober?" inquired the officer. "Her Majesty the Queen of England go for you with a meat-ax—you're crazy!"

"I didn't say Queen of England!" laughed Sam. "There's more Queen Victorias than one in the world! We've got one in New York—a regular screamer—Queen Victoria Woodpile!" then rising and drawing on his clothes, added: "Well, as your majesty is so pressing, I'll go with you; but what made you bring that crowd of snuff-colored bummers with you?"

"They are police-officers," snapped the man.

"I want to know!" murmured Sassy, while Hank roared until the tears coursed down his cheeks.

Sending word to the captain that they were arrested, Sam and his chum accompanied the sergeant to the lock-up, their arrival causing quite a bustle at police headquarters.

About ten o'clock they were conducted before the magistrates—two Dutchmen and an Englishman—who acquitted Hank and sentenced Sam to six months' imprisonment with hard labor.

"You Yankees," said the English official, "cannot come ashore in Capetown and treat our people as you do your own colored folks! I am only sorry that I cannot give you six years!"

"Ja, ja!" said the Dutch magistrates, solemnly. "Dot ish so!"

In vain the captain, colonel, and the American Consul pleaded; the magistrate was stubborn, observing to Sam:

"I mean to make an example of you Yankees!"

"Sense me," laughed Sassy. "I'm a New Yorker!"

"You're a Yankee," snapped the official, closing his book. "Sergeant Jinks, take him away to prison!"

Sam turned to the thick-headed justice, and giving one of his old-time grins, said:

"See here, Mister—Man—don't you be so almighty smart. A Yankee and an American ain't always one. I'm a New York boy!"

"You're an impudent Yankee," foamed the magistrate. "Take him away, Jinks!"

"You're a ball-headed idiot!" cheeked Sam, adding, as he shook hands with Hanks and his

friends, "You've given me six months for nothing—yer kean't rub dat out!" then followed his captor to prison.

CHAPTER XIII.

A LUCKY ESCAPE AND A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

WHILE Sassy was on his way to prison, Hank overtook him and whispered:

"Don't yer worry, Sass, yer shall see Mary."

"You bet I will!" winked Sam.

"No talking to the prisoners," growled the sergeant, so Hank dropped astern.

Upon arriving at the prison Sassy was examined by a doctor, who pronounced him in first-rate health, after which he was locked up in a cell overlooking the governor's garden.

His apartment was four stories from the ground, and as the walls of the building were stone, affording no means of ascent or descent, the upper windows were not provided with bars.

Sam felt mad, but determined not to show it, and, when his jailer brought him his rations and a couple of fathoms of rope, which he ordered him to pick into oakum, he laughed, saying:

"Is your employer, Queen Victoria, a junk-dealer?"

"Shut up!" growled the turnkey.

"I couldn't be shut up worse unless you bottled me!" he said. "I don't hanker after this style of free boarding-house, mister! You can have my appointment!"

"Hold yer jaw!" said the man.

"It ain't loose!" calmly answered Sassy, hearing which the man withdrew.

In lieu of picking the oakum, Sam glanced out of the window upon the crowd moving to and fro in the gardens, and presently a military band began to play.

"This is hunky!" he murmured. "Board, lodging, and opera free gratis for nothing! Dern it—but it keeps me from Mary and busts all my plans!"

Just then he observed Hank in the garden.

Glancing up at the window, the boy winked at Sassy, then motioned as though going to sleep.

"I savvy!" muttered our hero, picking up the junk and showing it to his chum, after which he pointed to the ship and shook the piece of old rope.

Hank turned a somersault, a private signal meaning "I tumble," then moved off.

Sassy set to work, and soon contrived to unreeve the junk, then selecting about twenty strong yards, he knotted them together and awaited the hour of deliverance.

Just before sunset Hank walked through the garden whistling the "Mulligan Guards," and Sam knew that he had procured a rope from the ship.

At a short distance behind his chum sauntered Captain Tuttle and Colonel Warde, to whom Sassy slyly exhibited his ball of rope-yarn.

At sunset the keeper brought him a chunk of dry-bread and a tin can filled with water, then retired and double-locked the door of the apartment.

On a shelf in one corner of the cell was a Bible, between the leaves of which Sam found half a sheet of white paper.

Pulling his jack-knife open, he pricked the following words on the scrap:

*"Declined with thanks by
Sassy Sam Sumner, Y. C. R. T. O."*

Then placing the note on the dry bread, watched the light fade.

After awhile he heard a well-known voice below singing:

*"March, march, march!
March der Mulligan Guards!"*

Whereupon he fastened one end of the rope-yarn on to a beam that extended across the apartment, then dropped the ball outside.

All was now still in the garden, the people being engaged at their evening meal.

In a short time he felt a pull on the rope-yarn, when he set to work hauling it in, hand-over-fist, and soon had the end of a stout knotted rope between his fingers.

Heaving this around the beam he clambered out of the window, and began to descend.

About half-way from the ground a prisoner at one of the lower windows grabbed him, saying:

"For Heaven's sake let me go with you!"

"Who are you, my son?" panted our hero.

"I'm an American sailor," said the man. "Let me go with you, shipmate. I've seen your friends telegraphing you. I am acquainted with Captain Tuttle."

"Let me go, and follow me when I'm landed!" whispered Sam, who was somewhat annoyed by the interruption, then, continuing his descent,

soon arrived on the ground, where he found the skipper, the colonel, and Hank.

"Slip lively," whispered the former, "we have not a moment to spare."

"Wait for a sailor man who knows you!" pleaded the generous boy.

"Quick, then!" returned Tuttle.

Slowly the other prisoner descended, for he was weak, and could scarcely bear the strain of his own weight. However, he finally reached the ground, and they started for the wharf.

A boat was in waiting for them, and they succeeded in getting away unobserved.

On arriving on board the captain gave the order "Up anchor," and, aided by a fair wind, the *Lilian Warde* flew down the bay like a gull before the breeze.

As Capetown grew indistinct in their rear a bright light shot up from the prison, then another, and another, and they heard bugle calls and drums beating the alarm.

"Where's the sailor who came off with us?" inquired the skipper, as the watch was set.

The man, who had never uttered a word while on his way to the ship, walked aft and whispered something to the captain, who staggered back, saying:

"No! It can't be?"

"It is," answered the man. "I thought it best not to tell the boy, as you mightn't feel pleased to find me in prison."

"My gracious," said the skipper, "we all believed you were lost in the *State House*. Why did you not write to us?"

"I've been at my old tricks," said the man. "I was the only soul saved from the steamer. After floating on a bit of wreck for ten days, I was picked up by a sailing ship, the captain of which offered to make me his second mate, but I got tight, and he landed me here. I've been drunk half my time and in prison—"

Sam heard this with mingled pleasure and astonishment, and as the speaker ended, said, in a hoarse, excited voice:

"What became of Mary?"

"You mean pretty Mary Sumner?" returned Dick Tuttle, for it was indeed the captain's rip of a brother who was supposed to have been lost in the *State House*.

"Yes; Mary Sumner," said our hero. "Dern it, shipmate, out with it."

"I guess she was drowned," mournfully replied the man.

"What is this?" demanded the colonel, joining the group.

"This man," answered Sassy, in a trembling voice, "says he guesses Mary was drowned. He's a derved lunatic. Why should a pretty gal like her be drowned and he be saved?"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FRIENDS ARRIVE IN AMOY.

DICK TUTTLE looked at Sam and said:

"Friend, if poor Mary Sumner was your sister, I'm glad to know you."

"How?" demanded Sassy, not replying directly to his question.

"Because," returned Dick, "if she had lived, I would have sworn off drink and have married her."

"You don't say!" growled Sam, who felt mad all over. "Are you spoke for by her?"

"Well, yes," answered the sailor. "That is, I made up my mind to make her an offer if we arrived safely in New York."

"It wouldn't have been any use," said Sassy. "I am number one on her list—you'd only have got the mitten."

"But she's dead, friend," continued Dick.

"Pooh!" bitterly laughed Sam, who would not believe the news. "Did you see her corpse?"

"Well—" began Tuttle, but Sam choked him off with:

"It ain't any good welling. If you've seen her dead body, and can swear it was her, I'm satisfied; but you ought to be ashamed of yourself—after I've saved you from prison—to go welling and guessing like a Cape Ann fisherman. You're big enough and ugly enough to know better!"

"Enough said," said Captain Tuttle. "Come, Dick, shake hands with Sumner. I'll ship you and Hank as part of my crew, and want you all to be friends."

Sam took Dick's hand, saying:

"Can't you tell me something that will give me hope?"

"Come for'ard and I will relate the whole story," said Dick, who felt sorry for Sam.

They went into the fore-castle and sought out Hank, then, going to the lee-side of the long boat, seated themselves on the water-casks, while the captain's brother related his experience in Taiwan.

"In the first place," said Dick, "it's an awful

rock-bound coast, and the chances are a hundred to one against landing on it alive."

"Jack Handspike did," put in Sassy.

"I know him," quietly answered the sailor. "We used to call him Truthful Jack when he sailed with us."

"I never quite hoisted in his cuffers about being a mermaid," remarked Hank, while Sam observed:

"Oh, he doesn't always speak the truth, I know; but Jack isn't a bad fellow, and wouldn't beat me out of a hundred dollars."

"I guess not," laughed Dick. "You'd be too smart for him."

Sassy told the sailor about buying the *Mei-Jin*, and showed him the silver figure.

"I've heard of these things," said the other. "Well, perhaps he was a mermaid. I know the Tai-Waunese worship mermaids, for as we passed along the land we saw a temple, on the doors of which were painted a pair of those creatures, with a comb in one hand, and a looking-glass in the other. I guess Jack Handspike may, for once in his life, have spoken the truth."

Sam returned the precious figure to the bag, then inquired:

"Now about the wreck, friend?"

"We struck on the nor'-east point of the rocks of Nan-ka-ti," said the sailor, "and the ship soon broke up. The after-part drifted along the coast, then went ashore, while I, on a part of the galley, floated out to sea and was picked up. As I drifted away I saw the crew land and fall into the hands of the Tai-Waunese, who murdered every soul who reached the shore."

"What were the crew?" demanded Sassy.

"Americans or Chinese?"

"Chinamen," answered Dick.

Sam whistled, then said:

"No wonder the Tai-Waunese went for them."

Jack Handspike says the Fokees, as they call the Chinese, have settled on the low lands of the island, and have driven the real owners, the Tai-Waunese, into the mountains. He also told me that the Tai-Waunese hate the Fokees as the devil hates holy-water, and that it is part of their religion to kill every Chinaman they meet."

"They acted up to their faith that time," said Dick, adding: "My opinion is that they are a lot of bloodthirsty savages, and I wouldn't go among them—not for all the gold in the world!"

"I don't hanker after being knocked on the head," laughed our hero. "But Mary is of more value than gold, and we're going to try and find her."

"Yer bet we are!" chimed in Hank.

"You'll be killed and eaten!" murmured the sailor.

"Anyhow, we'll try it," said Sassy. "I've got a box, which I shall sling around my waist in a leathern belt, under my shirt. When they grow too familiar, I shall start my musical insides, and they'll take me for a god; and if that don't knock 'em, we've got the rifles and my revolver."

"You'll repent going," said Dick.

"We shan't trouble you if we do," laughed Sam. "I reckon our trip won't hurt us half so badly as whisky has done you."

"Your cool," growled the sailor.

"You can't take a joke," grinned Sassy; then, turning to Hank, said: "Come, old tulip, turn into my bunk. I must go on duty."

In due time the *Lillian Warde* came to anchor in the harbor of Amoy, in the province of To-Keen, China, and Sam asked for and obtained his discharge, Hank being allowed to accompany him. Job, the monkey, he presented to the crew as a ship's pet.

"You had better remain with me and learn your duty thoroughly," observed the captain. "Sumner, if you will give up your wild project and stick to the sea, I will make you fourth mate next trip."

"If I find Mary, I shan't want to be mate," said Sassy. "She'll be chief-mate, second-mate, mid-mate, fourth-mate, cook's-mate, carpenter's-mate, and mate-of-the-watch, all in one. Yer kean't rub dat out."

"Sampan alongside," said Hank, glancing over the rail.

"We'll see you before we leave," said Sam, shaking the captain's hand and receiving his revolver; then, entering the sampan, or native boat, they settled their baggage and were rowed swiftly on shore.

Amoy is a curious city, full of narrow, malodorous alleyways, crammed with population.

Luckily for the boys, there was a hotel in the place kept by an American named Sumner, who, upon finding that the new arrivals were of the same name as himself, offered them excellent accommodations at a low figure.

"There's no American ships running to Formosa just now," he observed. "The tea trade is over

for the next four or five months. I guess you wouldn't care about going in a junk."

Now, the Chinese junk is at once the best and worst sort of sea-conveyance, being safe, but dirty. When Sam and his companion arrived in Amoy, the tri-yearly examination of Chinese scholars was just over, and a number of passenger junks were on the point of starting for Tai-Waun.

The Chinese in the latter island are, to the savage Tai-Waunese, what the first settlers in this country were to the Indians—intruders.

The children of the emigrants are not Formosians, nor, indeed, will they own to being born there, but call themselves the Sons of the Yellow Empire.

About a week after the boys arrived at Amoy, they secured passage in a junk called the *Seventeen Delightful Perfumes*, bound for the port of Tai-Wan-Foo, in the southern part of Tai-Waun or Formosa, "The Beautiful Island."

CHAPTER XV.

EMBARCKING IN A JUNK.

THE consul warned them that the interior of Tai-Waun was a country not included in the American treaty, and did his best to prevent their going; but Sassy was determined, and, finally, the boys bade adieu to Captain Tuttle, the monkey, and Colonel Warde, Sam's last words to his old friend being:

"I shall do my best, colonel, and if I have any news will pay you a visit!" meaning, if he found the first Mrs. Warde that he would take her to Naugasaki.

As the sampan, in which they embarked for the junk, was sculled from the *Lillian Warde*, the captain leaned over the taffrail and said:

"Sam, you're a regular Stanley, now?"

"Yer kean't rub dat out!" grinned Sassy. "I'm the distinguished explorer, and Hank is my Kululu!"

"Who's he?" inquired his chum.

"He war Stanley's nigger servant!" said Sam.

"Stop the sampan!" cried Hank. "Take me aboard agin—! Dern yer cheek! Yer'd best find another feller to go wid yer—I'm no nigger servant!"

"Who said you were?" demanded Sam. "Wot are you getting your back up for?"

"Yer called me Kew-low-lew!" snapped Hank, "an' when I asked yer who he was yer said der jockey was Stanley's nigger servant!"

"Oh, you can't take a joke, Hank!" smiled Sassy. "Sit down, chum, you're bilious!"

Hank grumbled and growled, but finally subdued, while Sam watched him, as though saying: "You're dreadful touch, sonny!"

Upon reaching the junk—a big mass of wood and bamboo, painted yellow, furnished with an enormous pair of eyes, and crowded with Tai-Waun Chinese, who were going home after their examination by the government officials—the boys gazed curiously at their fellow-passengers. The students were round-faced, jolly-looking fellows, and full of fun, and as Sassy and his friend came alongside, the Chinese boys began to welcome them, in their own language, by folding their hands, shaking them, and crying: "Tu-san! Tu-san!" (Good-morning).

"Yer kean't rub dat out!" laughed Sam, who was one of those sociable fellows who could hobnob with any one from a king to a coolie, then scrambling up the gangway, he repeated their action, and, in spite of his lack of knowledge of the Chinese language, soon contrived to make friends with them, while Hank followed suit.

"I'll fix 'em by and by," he observed to his chum, as they settled their trunks in their cabin—a square den without a bit of furniture in it. "Say, Hank, let us get some cleels and secure our chests, or when this old sea-chest rolls they will fetch way and pound us into squash."

They soon found a carpenter and secured their baggage, after which they returned to the deck where the Chinese students were singing college songs. As they appeared among them they ceased their chanting and asked Sam to sing.

The musical-box, a small but fanciful one, was placed in a belt around his waist, and was completely hidden from sight by the folds of his blue sailor shirt. By moving one little stud he could start the tunes, and by shutting another could change them, while shifting a third stopped the works entirely; all this being done without attracting any great attention to his movements.

"Shwy sing!" (wake up, or go ahead) they laughingly observed. "Sin, sin!" meaning they would like to hear them sing together as they had done.

"Les' give 'em der Mulligan," suggested Hank, motioning the Chinese boys to clear a space for the performance.

The lads, who were all dressed in long, blue

gowns, and who wore little black skull-caps, good-humoredly drew aside, and Sassy struck up the stirring air, followed by Hank, who gave "lip" like an opera-singer. The students soon caught his words, and, after the second verse, joining in the chorus as follows:

"Malch, malch, malch,
Malch e Meligan gads."

"I told yer dat would knock 'em," said Hank, as they paused in order to get a rest, but the students kept on until their parents arrived from the shore, when they quieted down and retired below; meantime the sailors succeeded in getting the craft under way.

"What a queer lot of ducks these Chinese are," observed Sam, as the captain of the junk ignited a couple of packages of fire-crackers and burnt them over the stern, while the yaller-skinned chief-mate banged away at a gong in a style that showed him to be a thorough virtuoso.

"Wat der blazes is dat fur?" demanded Hank.

"Chin-chinning Joss," answered Sassy. "It's all *shin-sing-ching-chin* with these Chinese," observed his chum. "I guess they knows der biz!"

"You bet they do!" laughed Sam. "Mind, don't step in that coil of rope; it's the mainsheet, and they're hoisting their mainsail—it might cut off your legs as neatly as the foresheet did Job's tail! It would be awkward to have to explore Tai-Waun on your stumps!"

"Poor old Job!" said Hank. "I'm sorry he couldn't come with us."

Just then the junk swung round before the wind, and drifted down upon the American ship, lying below her; noticing which the captain dropped his string of fire-crackers in order to swear, while the mate abandoned his gong performance, and turned his attention to hauling in the mainsheet.

Just as she answered her helm and sail the junk grazed the poop of the *Lillian Warde*, and Job, who had fretted terribly at parting with Sam, snapped his chain and scrambled aboard the Chinese craft. Then rushing aft clambered up and clung to Sassy, crying: "Chee-chee-chee!" after which he hid his face in the boy's bosom.

"Poor old Job!" said our hero. "I won't send you back."

The monkey appeared to understand this, and winked a sort of acknowledgment.

There was "considerable perillous lang-vidge," as Hank described it, exchanged between Captain Tuttle and the commander of the junk, but finally the latter craft sheered off.

As they did so, the skipper of the *Lillian Warde* said to his fellow-captain:

"You pig-tailed, hog-eyed, flat-faced, gong-beating, cracker-burning, joss-worshipping son-of-a-sea-cook, you've scraped all the paint off my ship's quarter!"

"Tu-oh see-koo—Fanqui la!" politely rejoined the Chinese skipper, calmly lighting a fresh batch of crackers. Then collecting all the English he at the moment could muster, turned and screamed after his opponent:

"You—axee-me—piecee—eye!"

As the junk slowly presented her stern to the gaze of those on board the *Lillian Warde*, Sassy shouted:

"Ship! ahoy!"

"Hello, Sumner!" answered Tuttle. "Are you going to risk your life aboard that old tea-chest?"

"You bet we are," laughed Sam, adding, as he pointed to the unmoved Chinaman, who was patiently holding the fireworks over the side until they exploded, "our old man, Captain Fire-crackers, can cuss fire-crackers in two languages—yer kean't rub dat out! Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" cried all on board the *Lillian Warde*. "God-speed to you, boys!"

CHAPTER XVI.

SASSY ASTONISHES HIS FELLOW-PASSENGERS AND MAKES A LITTLE SOMETHING BY IT.

ALL further conversation between the vessels was cut short by the mate, who, seating himself by his captain, re-applied his energy to the gong, upon hearing which the crew mustered with similar instruments, raising such a din that our boys were compelled to beat a retreat below.

However, the junk bumping against another American craft caused the sailors to knock off their amusement, and further developed their officer's power as a linguist.

By this it will be understood that traveling in a Chinese junk is not all pleasure, the captain's attention being divided between his religious duties and his business as a seaman.

It was about as absurd as though an American skipper was to hold a prayer-meeting on deck at the moment of starting, when every attention

is required to keep the out-going craft clear of the ships at anchor.

"Derned funny sailors, these are!" muttered Sam, going on deck and assisting to pole-off from the ship, while the Chinese captain danced with rage, saying:

"You 'Melican man," to the skipper of the ship he had damaged. "You one first-class fooler! You nomba-one jackass."

Then, having exhausted his stock of English, relapsed into Chinese, which he "spat out" with a frothiness worthy of a better cause, while the officers and crew of the collided ship swore in a body, and sent showers of odd articles at his head.

"Oh, stow that," shouted Sassy, as a lump of coal accidentally hit him on the cheek. "You'd make a bully old show at Cleo-dmoor."

"What are you doing aboard a Chinese junk?" demanded the angry commander of the ship. "Who are you?"

"I'm Sassy Sam Sumner," grinned our hero. "You must be an ignorant man if you don't know that I've been round the world on my cheek," adding as the junk drifted away: "Yer kean't rub dat out."

"You're a bully boy anyhow!" shouted the skipper, adding: "I wouldn't venture in that junk for all the money in China. They'll murder you!"

Sassy laughed, then pointed to Hank, who just then joined him, saying:

"Don't you worry, cap! Good-bye!"

"Rah!" shouted the crew of the American vessel; but Sam and his friend were unable to return the parting salute, for the mate and crew recommenced their concert, and the boys could not hear themselves speak.

Seizing a couple of gongs hanging from hooks on the starboard side of the poop, the boys joined in, and performed such lively tunes that the Chinamen paused and listened to the "foreign devils," as they termed them.

It's a difficult matter to play "Yankee Doodle" on a gong, but somehow our hero contrived to knock it out, and wound up with the "Mulligan Guards," hearing which the students below awarmed on deck and joined in the refrain.

Probably no Chinese craft leaving the port of Amoy ever had such a "send off," and as they swept down the harbor natives and foreigners alike paused and listened to the novel strain of—

"Malch, malch, malch,
Malche Meligan Gads?"

"Good-bye!" cried Sassy as the American flags of the shipping vanished from his sight. "Good-bye, old stars-and-stripes, for awhile! We'll soon see you again!"

"Amen!" said Hank. "I love der ole flag."

They were unaware that they possessed one of those national standards.

After the skipper had eased his soul by burning fire-crackers—which to a Chinaman is as good as saying his prayers to Heaven—he proceeded to take charge of the craft, and proved himself to be a better seaman than Sam had believed possible.

In a junk each passenger does his own cooking, so our boys had provided themselves with a stock of food.

While they were debating what they would have for supper, one of the crew, who had been in California, and acquired a slight knowledge of English, came aft and offered to act as their cook.

His name was Sam Pak, and he was quite a smart, clever fellow.

"Two dolla me oooka oile tim!" he observed, meaning that for two dollars he would cook for them during the entire trip, which usually lasted from two to four days, the junks often making as much lee as headway, i. e., going as fast to leeward as they did ahead.

Amoy is about a hundred miles from the port of Tai-Wan-Foo.

"Wot der blazes does he mean by cooking old Tim?" whispered Hank. "Does he think we're going ter scoff der monkey?"

"No!" laughed Sassy; "he's offering to do our cooking all the time for two dollars. It will be better than us mixing with them sweaty cusses round the galleys."

"Yer bet!" answered his friend, as they engaged Sam Pak.

At sunset the captain removed the joss—a hideous wooden figure—from its shrine at the foot of the mizzenmast, then, followed by the crew, gravely paraded round the decks, and, having replaced the image in its place, allowed the students to *chin-chin*, or worship it, which they did by kneeling before it and bowing to the ground.

Sassy stood by the side of the shrine, and starting his music-box, allowed it to play "Hail Columbia."

After the first few notes the worshipers raised their heads and listened.

"He is a god!" cried the captain. "He has music in his bowels!" saying which he fell upon his hands and knees before Sassy.

Sam, of course, did not understand this speech, but gravely remarking:

"You kean't rub dat out!" walked aft and changed the tune to "Camptown Races," the crowd following him and bowing as though he was a magician.

"That knocks 'em!" he whispered to Hank. "Make a collection, Bub!"

"How?" demanded his friend.

"Pass round the plate!" he grinned. "Don't you see, son, they take me for a merman. Strike them while they feel like it."

Hank pulled off his sailor-hat and passed it round, collecting a nice little sum in brass cash, and when no more was forthcoming Sam stopped the music.

"*Sin-sin!*" they cried, meaning more music.

"Jerk round the hat again, Hank!" whispered Sassy.

"If these jockies wants a musical entertainment, let 'em pony up their buttons!"

Finding that it was no money no music, the crowd shelled out, whereupon Sam gravely bowed and, at the same instant, started the musical-box.

The Chinese listened with awed faces, wondering what manner of man it was who could make music in his inside.

About ten o'clock, the audience having emptied their purses, Sassy and his chum retired to their cabin.

"Gol dern it!" grinned Hank, as they bagged their gains, "if we stick to it, Sassy, we shall clear out this crowd as nicely as a couple of sports does a car full of countrymen."

"Ye-a," laughed Sam. "The music tickles 'em; ye kean't rub dat out!"

CHAPTER XVII.

THEY MEET THE TERROR OF THE EASTERN SEAS.

LIVING on board a Chinese junk is a peculiar sensation for an American boy, as everything is different from what it is in one of our own vessels.

In the first place, the Chinese captain began the business of the day by holding a prayer-meeting before the little joss at the foot of the mizzenmast, the chief mate assisting on the gong as Sankey does Moody with his vocal and instrumental organs, and when the skipper had burnt ten cents' worth of fire-crackers and the mate had given them a headache all round, they made a collection, which they threw into a little box at the foot of the joss.

Now, although they poured handful after handful of cash into this tiny receptacle, it did not fill, the fact being there was no bottom to it; the money descended a little tube and dropped into a locker in the captain's cabin.

"Joss eat much cash," observed Sam Pak, with a grin, as Sassy watched the brass coins disappear in the aperture. "He got big stomach."

"Yer kean't rub dat out!" laughed Sassy, who saw the trick at a glance. "Bless you, it ain't new; we does it at home, only we works the old masheen a little different."

Noticing Sam, the worshipers knocked off their prayers, rose, and abandoning joss, cried:

"*Sin-sin!*"

"Go on with your devil-dodging," observed Sassy. "You're as bad as the New Jersey folks who turned out of meeting to hear a barrel-organ that happened along during service."

Not understanding a word of his speech, the Chinese only smiled, and said:

"*Sin-sin!*"

Just then Hank came up growling about having been "bitten" during the night.

"You can't take a joke," laughed Sam. "You will find that insects is part of the programme in these crafts. I've been here afore, you know, old stock."

"*Sin-sin!*" cried the crowd of students and their parents.

Sassy walked right aft, bowed his head, and touching the spring started the box on "Walking Down Broadway," while the Chinese stood staring at him like a crowd of countrymen at a traveling peddler.

When the tune ended he whispered to Hank:

"Now, Brother Sumner, pass round the hat," and soon the audience showered the cash into his chum's till.

In the middle of this before-breakfast matinee Sam Pak, who was aloft on the lookout, shouted something in Chinese, which caused the students to rush below, shouting:

"*Pilong! Pilong!*" (Pirates! Pirates!)

"Wot's der trouble now?" grinned Hank.

"*Pilong!*" shrieked Sam Pak, pointing to a big junk standing right across their bows.

"It's a pirate," observed our hero.

"*Pilong!*" moaned their captain, rushing past them and throwing himself on his knees before the joss.

"He's a derned deal too religious for my ticket!" said Sassy. "Hank, you go into our state-room and fetch out the arms, and the flag we found in the case. I'm going to fight first, and pray afterwards!"

Just then the chief mate came on deck bringing a big, woven rattan shield, on which was painted a hideous face with a lolling red tongue, then up popped another and another of the same ferocious-looking articles, the braves moving slowly, and evidently half scared to death at the prospect of meeting the pirates.

"We're going to have some fun!" said Sam, as Hank arrived with the arms.

"What are them jockies?" inquired his friend, pointing to the shield-bearers.

Sassy grinned, then replied:

"They're trying to frighten the pirates!"

Taking a telescope from his rifle-case, Sam examined the approaching enemy—a big junk, filled with men, who were armed to the teeth.

"They're a lively crowd of cut-throats!" he observed, handing Hank the glass. "I see I must run this biz!" then going to the skipper, who was trussed up like a fowl, kneeling before the joss, gently applied his boot-heel to the man's recumbent person, saying: "Come, old beeswax, rouse a bit. There's a party alongside as wants to whip you! Come, rise and shine, I'll help you to knock spots out of them."

Although not understanding a word of his speech, the skipper caught its meaning, and rose, then popped again and began to *kow-tow*, knock his head on the deck before Sam, by way of showing his thanks.

Luckily the wind was light, and the junks were merely crawling through the water.

"Hank," said our hero, "stick a pin in the basement of the captain's pants! This politeness is too overpowering, besides I want to get at them skunks aboard the pirate junk!"

The boy drew a pin from his collar, and approaching the kneeling form, inserted the article as directed; causing the skipper to spring to his feet, clasp his hand to his person, and angrily ejaculate:

"You axee my peecee eye!"

"That starts you!" grinned Sassy. "Yer kean't rub dat out! Come, old praying-band, drop your revival biz for a moment and try another tack! Fightee-la—(fighting) old scratch-it!" pointing to the junk's guns. "We ain't going to give in without a little flutter for it!"

Just then Sam Pak came down from his perch, and Sassy hailed him to come and translate his speech to the captain.

The Chinaman, who was no coward, did as he was directed, and it was wonderful to see how kindly the skipper took to our Sam.

"First of all," said Sassy, "chuck all them shields below again."

On this being translated to the captain, the latter said:

"If we do that the pirates will not be afraid!"

"Don't you worry, old floater-pot!" laughed Sam. "Now clear the decks; get up your rounds of cartridges for each gun, and (taking an American flag which Miss Warde had placed in one of the rifle-casks) hoist this!"

The old man plucked up courage, and set to work like a nigger, while Sam and Hank, holding their places in the bow, waited until the pirate was within rifle-shot, then rested their weapons on the railing and fired.

Sam's shot cut away the mainsail balyards of the enemy's craft, and Hank's killed one of the look-out men, who was seated in the very top beating a gong.

The heavy latteen sail of the junk fell all of a heap, causing the pirateship to heave-to.

By that time the captain of their vessel had cleared his deck of curious passengers, and was ready to begin the action; the American flag was flying above the Chinese from the peak.

As Sassy was about to order him to fire his guns, the piratical junk swung broadside on to them, and, at the same instant, he heard a voice in English say:

"Fire, port!"

The voice was that of the notorious outlaw, Captain Jack Bower, the Terror of the Eastern Seas.

Soon both junks were pounding away like trip-hammers.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A MIGHTY LIVELY FIGHT, IN WHICH SAM TAKES THE BELL.

A CHINAMAN is like a Malay—if he is led by a good officer he will fight like a little man, other-

wise he gives up at the first blow, or prefers to chin-chin-joss; in plain language, prays, instead of using his best efforts to whip his enemy.

Apropos of this, I will relate a short anecdote told me by a Chinese captain. Two ships left Amoy, one a pirate, the other a passenger ship. They sailed all the way to Hong-Kong, and the pirate never attempted to attack the other.

After they anchored it leaked out that the captain of the piratical craft had been praying to his joss all the way down, believing the skipper of the passenger ship to be a bigger pirate than himself, while the merchantman had been "shaking in his breeches," fearing he would be attacked by the other, and in order, as he termed it, to keep joss in good temper had slept before the image. One was afraid and the other did not dare to fight.

This was not the case in the engagement between Sassy's junk and that commanded by Captain Jack Bowen.

"Boom! Boom!" went the guns on both sides, and "whiz! crash!" came the shot thick and fast.

Sam and Hank were in their element, and it was a sight to see them pick off the men from the other junk's deck.

Their own craft, *The Seventeen Delightful Perfumes*—so called on account of the awful smells for which she was celebrated—was enabled to sail around the other, and their skipper came out quite strong as a fighting man.

"If old boom-along would pray to joss less and attend to the ship more he'd be all the tune!" shouted Sam, as the captain pointed the stern-chaser and sent a shot into the "eye" of the piratical junk.

Just then the other vessel trimmed its remaining sails and came bearing down on them.

"They're going to board us!" shouted Sassy, springing aft and seizing a cutlass. "Come on, boys!"

The Chinese sailors, who were as full of fight as tigers, understood his action, and crouching behind the bulwarks awaited the crash, while Hank headed another gang forward.

As the junks neared each other Sassy noticed a foreigner, in Chinese dress, standing ready to head the boarders.

Resting his rifle on the mizzen-back-stay, Sam aimed at the figure, and fired.

The man threw up his hands, and fell forward dead.

It was Captain Jack Bower, the pirate, a wretch who had, with his own hand, killed over a hundred people, and who had been justly termed "The Terror of the Eastern Seas."

Both junks had ceased firing, and their crews were waiting to board each other.

Sam knew that it would be a desperate fight, as the pirates far outnumbered them.

Noticing that one of the guns in the center of their junk had not been discharged, he nimbly sprang into the waist, and seized the portfire; then as the enemy bore down upon them, sent the contents of the piece crash through her starboard side—causing her to totter and tumble, just as a man does when struck a severe blow on the ribs.

In another instant a volume of flame flashed from the hole, and her magazine exploded, lifting her decks and blowing her crew sky-high.

The concussion threw Sam across the deck of his craft, and killed and wounded over ninety of the crew, while Hank, who was struck on the head with a piece of the flying debris, was knocked insensible, and for some time laid like one dead.

It was a little while before the people on board our boy's craft could realize what had occurred; but, after a pause, Sassy scrambled to his feet, rubbed his eyes, and ejaculated:

"Knocked 'em higher than a kite. Yer kean't rub dat out!"

It took them some time to clear away the wreck, and Sam's first care was to bring Hank to his senses.

"Wot's up?" demanded the latter, as he opened his eyes.

"The pirate," grinned Sassy. "That last shot of mine went clear through her magazine, and sent her higher than Barnum's balloon."

"I want to know," mused Hank. "Where's old Job?"

Just then the monkey peeped out of a bucket that hung on a hook aloft and uttered a faint "Chee-chee," but it was evident that the explosion had scared him almost out of his skin.

They picked up the dead and were throwing them overboard, when the captain begged to be allowed to search the bodies.

Every Chinaman carries in his belt a small bag, in which is a scroll of paper containing his name and place of birth. The skipper, who, from a Chinese standpoint, was a pious man, wished to learn the names of the dead, in order to say

prayers for them. Sassy understood this, and did not interfere.

"Let us go aboard the pirate," he said to Hank, and clambering over the rail they soon found themselves gazing into the damaged junk.

Amidships the decks had been literally blown out of her, and, as Sam said, "it was like looking down the crater of a volcano."

It was a sickening sight.

"She's afire," observed Sassy. "We'd best get out of here as soon as possible."

As they were about to clamber back Hank noticed a body hanging over the side, lodged in the bamboos, which were carried in a rack on the starboard quarter.

"It's the boss pirate," he observed. "Guess I'd better search him."

They clambered aft, and hauling in the body turned it over.

"It's a foreigner, English or American," murmured Hank, loosening the Chinese's garments about the neck of the corpse. "Say, don't he look a hard case, Sassy?"

Taking a bag, formed of the foot of an albatross, from about the dead man's neck, Sassy opened it and pulled forth a silver image, the exact duplicate of the one he had purchased from Jack Handspike.

"Hank, old son," he quickly observed, "sling this round your neck. It will serve you, and isn't any good to the corpse."

"That's so," the other replied, appropriating the image.

Upon further examination they discovered a belt fastened about the pirate's body, and a sort of leathern envelope containing letters and a photograph of a lady taken by a New York artist.

"He's a countryman," murmured Hank.

Wrapping the robes about the corpse, Sam said a prayer over it, then reverently lowered it overboard, after which the boys silently returned to their own craft.

By that time the captain had cleared the decks and "washed down," and was repairing the junk's rigging, which had been much damaged by the explosion.

Sassy led him to the side, and pointed to the smoke coming from the hold of the piratical craft, saying:

"Noquo!" (fire), upon which the skipper, summoning all hands, set to work releasing his junk from the other.

In twenty minutes the wreck was adrift, and the smoke pouring out of her in a steady stream.

"Let us take a peep at our fellow-passengers," said Sam, and down below they went, where a comical sight met their eyes.

Crammed into the lower hold were over two hundred youths, and as many adults, who were standing so close together that they could scarcely breathe, and were frightened almost out of their lives.

"Give 'em a touch of der music-box," said Hank.

Sassy went to his cabin, took out his box, and setting it to "Yankee Doodle," walked to the hatchway.

After awhile, just one, then another, raised his head, and soon the whole gang were gaping up open-mouthed.

"That enlivens 'em," grinned our hero. "Now, old man, let us give our rifles a wipe, and take a look at the dead pirate's treasure."

"Yes," said Hank; "I'm bursting to know what is in that belt!"

CHAPTER XIX.

SAM SHOWS HIS CHUM A GOOD EXAMPLE.

THE boys retired to their cabin, cleaned their rifles and replaced them in their cases, then opened the belt, and poured its contents into a wooden bowl.

"My word!" cried Hank, "it's bits of glass!"

"Diamonds!" said Sam. "They're worth a fortune! Ain't some of them pretty!"

"Whack 'em out!" demanded his chum.

"Let me read these letters first," observed our hero, opening an envelope addressed:

CAPTAIN JOHN BOWEN,

"Post-office, Amoy, China."

After perusing the contents, Sam wiped his eyes and said:

"Hank, these diamonds belong to Mrs. Bowen, who lives in New York. Poor woman! she little thought her husband was a pirate."

"The plunder is ours, Sassy," urged his friend. "Yer killed him in fair fight."

Sam replaced the diamonds in the belt, and taking the photo from the case, said:

"Hank, you're right. I killed the pirate in fair fight; but look at that face!" handing him the photo. "She thinks that her husband is an honest sea-captain, employed by a firm in Amoy.

She writes to him about their little gal, Mary. Says she's growing so sweet, and that she's looking forward to her papa coming home and staying, never to go to sea again. Can you take what belongs to that poor woman and her little Mary?"

Hank hung his head.

"I'm sorry more'n I can say that I had to kill that man," continued our hero; "yet his death don't reproach me, for he would have killed us. I heard in Amoy that he slaughtered all the Chinese he took prisoners, and tortured some of them, and that he made the crews of English and American vessels he captured walk the plank. I wouldn't touch a diamond of his ill-gotten store if I was starving. No, Hank, we will send this treasure to his poor wife; tell her he's dead, and do our duty like Americans, not like highwaymen. Hank, old chum, give me your hand on this!"

His friend complied, saying:

"How about this silver figure?"

"Keep it," answered Sam. "I see it all now. Jack's story about being a merman was true enough. Tai-Waunese will not hurt us if we wear these images. Captain Bowen must have known this, and have procured this *mei-jin* in case of being wrecked off Formosa."

They wrapped the belt in several covers, so as to make it bulky, and adding the leathern envelope and letters to it, wrote a brief statement of Bowen's death, then indorsed it, and addressed the package to his widow.

"There's an American consul at Tai-Wan-Foo," observed Sassy. "We'll call on him and leave this. He will send it home by the first tea-ship."

"You're a good feller, Sam," said his companion. "Some boys would have collared them dimins."

"I'm Sassy Sam Sumner!" proudly returned our hero. "I'm cheeky, I'm not much of a scholar, but I'm honest; yer kean't rub dat out."

"I'd always try to be so, too," said Hank. "It is the best thing after all."

"Yes," said Sassy, beckoning to Job, who just then came into the cabin. "A man may be poor, halt, maimed, or blind, his fellow-creatures may sneer at him and hold him mighty cheaply, but"—here his eyes sparkled—"when he drops before the touch of grim death, and the angels come to look at his record, they smile, Hank, old son, if they find a clean bill. Yer kean't rub dat out."

"Sassy," said the other, "I stole something once!"

"Are you sorry for it?" said Sam.

"Derned sorry," earnestly answered Hank. "It didn't do me no good, chum, anyhow, and I'm real sorry now."

"Forget it, old stocking," said Sassy. "If a boy does wrong, and feels real downright bad over it, and makes up his mind never to do it again, the angels wipe out the entry and forget all about it."

"Yer believes in angels, Sam?" murmured his chum.

"Don't I know many?" demanded the boy, adding: "I'm sure there's one or two angels on this earth, so I can believe that there's crowds of 'em in a better place."

"Yer'd have made a bully minister!" admiringly observed Hank.

Sassy grinned, then shook his head, saying in his odd style:

"Yer don't want to poke fun at me, do yer?" adding:

"Hank, I'm best cut out for an explorer! Besides, I mashes the gals bad enough now; if I was a minister it would be awful!"

Just then the mate, dressed in his best, and attended by Sam Pak, came to the door of their state-room and began to beat a gong.

"Oh, douse that," shouted Sassy. "What is your little game? we board ourselves, you know; have lot opened a restaurang?"

The mate, who ceased as soon as our young friend spoke, turned to Sam Pak, who said to the boys:

"Cap'n, he want chin-chin you," meaning that the skipper wished to return thanks to them for their kindness.

"Come along, bub," laughed Sassy. "We might as well enjoy all the luxuries of the season."

They gave themselves a olish, and when Sam had fixed a fresh barrel in his musical-box, proceeded on deck, where the captain and passengers were grouped around the joss.

"They can't do anything without burning fire-crackers and beating a gong," whispered Hank. "See old sobersides is just going to let off another quarter's worth!"

"That's their way of thanking Heaven," answered Sassy. "I guess ours is just as comical to them."

CHAPTER XX.

A WELCOME BOARDER, AND LANDING AT TA-KOW.

UPON seeing our boys the captain touched off the crackers, then knelt at Sam's feet, whereupon the lad raised his right hand, and, pointing to the Stars and Stripes, observed to Sam Pak:

"Tell the skipper he owes his good fortune to that and not to me."

But the old man "didn't see it," and insisted upon chin-chinning our hero.

While he was doing this they made out a small craft bearing an American flag on the port-bow.

"Dip the colors, Hank!" observed Sassy.

The boy did as he was directed, and soon the flag of the stranger was lowered and raised by way of reply.

"Pilong?" inquired their captain, nervously.

"Don't you worry," laughed Sam; "it's only one of my countrymen out on a pleasure trip. Pilongs don't sail under the Stars and Stripes?"

The yacht—for it proved to be one of those crafts—rapidly bore down upon them, and a white man on board of her shouted:

"Why are you flying the American flag?" On which Sam yelled back:

"Because we have some distinguished American citizens on board!"

"What are their names, and who are you?" shouted the stranger.

"Sassy Sam Sumner and Hank ditto!" bawled the scamp. "I'm Sass."

To their astonishment their challenger replied: "I'm glad to see you in Formosa. Yer kean't rub dat out!"

"Why, darn it—he knows us!" grinned Sam. "See, he's put down his helm and is going to run alongside."

The junk was booming along very slowly, so the stranger, a thin, handsome young man, ran his yacht alongside, and, having ordered his crew to make her fast, clambered aboard the Chinese craft, where he was received by Sam, Hank, and the whole crowd.

Stepping over the gangway he extended his right hand to our hero, saying:

"Sassy Sam Sumner, I guess?" adding: "I am the United States Consul at Tai-Wan-Foo!"

"Glad to see you, mister!" cordially returned Sam. "Allow me to introduce you to Mr. Hank Sumner!"

Turning to the skipper, the consul said, in Chinese:

"You cannot land at Kok-si-Kow," the port of Tai-Wan-Foo; "you must run down to Tu-Kow!" a place further along the coast.

The captain headed the junk southward, then proceeded to knock his forehead or bow before the joss.

"He's awful pious!" said Sassy, who, after the consul had shaken hands with Hank, led the way aft. "You see, Mr.—what's your name? we've had a little brush with a pirate."

"My name is Dow!" smilingly observed the consul. "I have heard of you. I know all about you. Yer kean't rub dat out!"

"My gracious!" grinned Sam. "I didn't think I was so famous!" adding in a quieter tone: "Consul Dow, do you know where Mary is?"

Their visitor shook his head, saying:

"I heard of the wreck at Nan-ta-ki, but our reports said that every soul was drowned or murdered! You've had a severe engagement—have you not?" pointing to the destruction among the rigging.

"Oh—a mere trifle!" answered the boy, absently.

"Didn't you hear of any of the people on board the *State House* being saved?"

"Not a soul!" said the gentleman.

Sassy's eyes brightened, and he cried:

"Then I know more than you, consul!" with which he proceeded to tell him about Dick Tuttle, and what Jack Handspike had said.

"You'll never see the sun rise on the second day after you enter the native territory," quietly observed the other. "The Tai-Waunese, as you call them, are blood-thirsty savages. You had better remain with me and learn the tea business. Americans are at a premium in Tai-Waun."

"Obliged to you," muttered Sam, "but it can't be did. We've got to find our Mary, savages or not. I guess our patents will fix 'em," with which he produced his *mei-jin* and started the music-box.

The consul smiled, saying:

"American ingenuity beats the world."

"Yes," laughed Sassy. "Yer kean't rub dat out."

"Tell me about your fight with the pirates," inquired the gentleman.

Just then Job came up on deck, and on seeing the stranger paused and scratched the stump of his tail, then cautiously advanced towards the group.

During this time the Chinese passengers had

kep apart on the other side of the deck, but the combined attractions of musical-man and monkey proved too much for even their good breeding, and they could not help gaping at the new arrival.

Taking Job by the paw Sam led him to the consul, saying:

"Allow me to introduce you to the original Jacobs."

"You're a jokist," smilingly replied the newcomer, patting the animal's head. "What an aged-looking monkey."

"Yer kean't rub dat out," laughed Sassy. "He's a Centennial."

"Come, tell me about the fight," said the other. "You surely have not encountered the notorious Captain Jack Bowen?"

"We have," quietly returned Sam, "and what's more, we've whipped him," with which he related the particulars of their brush with the pirate, and what they found upon his body.

"It's very sad," observed the consul, as Sassy ended his narration. "My wife went to school with Mrs. Bowen."

"Will you take charge of this parcel?" asked our hero, producing the package.

"Certainly," said the official. "I have heard that Bowen turned the proceeds of his villainy into diamonds, in order when the opportunity arrived, that he might escape without difficulty. He was a bad lot!"

"Yes," sighed Hank, who had hitherto been a listener. "He was a hard nut, was Cap'n Bowen, but Sass cracked his shell and fixed him. Yer kean't rub dat out!"

"That's a comical saying of yours, Sam," observed the consul. "It's going the round of the world."

"Like me!" laughed Sassy, proceeding to haul down the Stars and Stripes, and to fold them for packing.

About noon they arrived in the harbor of Ta-Kow, and were lowered into the native surf-boats—big tubs fastened to bamboo rafts—their baggage being carried in similar conveyances.

"Strange kind of boat, ain't they?" said their friend, as they embarked.

"I've heard of the three wise men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl," grinned Sam, "but this beats them hollow!"

"Dis yer's Rub a dub-dub, three men in a tub!" said Hank. "Hold on, Bub."

The surf at the entrance of the harbor was something awful, but the tub-sailors managed the clumsy lateen sails very smartly, and beyond a good drenching, the party reached the shore in safety.

"Why, there's white folks here!" cried Hank, as the *Catamaran* was run alongside a wharf. "I thought der Tai-Waunese was bare-skinned savages."

"We've quite a little colony of Americans here, and at Tai-Wan-Foo," said the consul, "but you need not fear, Hank," pointing to the distant mountains, "the Tai-Waunese up there are savage enough for anything."

When their baggage was hauled on to the wharf they eagerly examined each package, in order to ascertain whether it was wetted, but to their joy found all of their cases uninjured.

"Rah!" shouted Sassy. "Landed safe in Tai-Waun. Yer kean't rub dat out! Now to find Mary."

CHAPTER XXI.

SASSY AND HANK SURPRISED AT THE CIVILIZATION OF TAI-WAUN.

AFTER chatting with the American residents at Ta-Kow, the boys hired native ponies and accompanied the consul overland to Tai-Wan-Foo.

"Won't your boatmen cut away with your yacht?" suggested Sam.

"No!" returned their friend; "the Chinese, as a race, are as honest as most folks. The man in charge of my boat will cruise about until there is no surf on or in our harbor, then run in and anchor. It is a bad coast for yachting, and if I were not devoted to the pastime I would not keep my craft."

"Isn't it strange!" observed Sassy. "At home they speak of Formosa, or Tai-Waun, as you call this island, as a savage country. Why it's real civilized—although the roads are rough!" Here he paused, as his pony plunged into a hole and tossed him heels over head, but he remounted right away.

"We do a big trade," said their friend, "and we have four consulates in the island, all on the western side, Tam-Sui and Kee-Lung on the north, and Tai-Wan-Foo and Ta-Kow down south, or as we call it on this end."

"How long did it take you to learn the lingo?" inquired Sam.

"About two years," replied the official. "I was at Amoy first, then I came here."

"What makes folks tell such lies about this place?" demanded our hero. "Why, according to your account, it's a regular American settlement?"

The consul smiled, then said:

"Yes, in spots. We have large interests here, and so have the English, but all the eastern side and some of the western is in the hands of the natives—Tai-Waunese, as your friend Jack Handspike called them."

"Years ago the Dutch occupied the island and treated the natives well. Many of the savages speak high Dutch to this day, and a Hollander, who falls into their hands, is sure to be well treated. You see, boys, the Chinese kicked the Dutchmen out and treated the natives worse than dogs, so they fled to the hills, and, I tell you, when one of them gets a Foo-Kee into his clutches it's rough on the Chinaman."

"I see!" laughed Sassy. "The natives own all the hills and mountains and the Chinese cultivate the low lands, while the Americans and English live here and boss them! Do they raise anything else but tea?"

"Oh, yes!" said the consul. "We do a large trade in camphor-wood and gum, rice, sulphur, grass-cloth, fiber, rice-paper, pith for hats, rattans, barley, wheat, turmeric salt and jute."

"I want ter know?" ejaculated Hank, while Sam muttered:

"And Mr. Warde called this place *savage*?"

"Wait until you get into the hill country," answered their friend, then, as they mounted the crest of a mound overlooking the city of Tai-Wan-Foo, he reined in his horse, saying:

"Boys, unless the wonderful stories about the interior are true, you see before you the most ancient city on the island. This is the place built by Kok-sin-ga, who whipped the Dutch out of Formosa."

"It is a bully big city, anyhow," said Hank, "and I'm derved glad ter reach it, for I'm raw with riding."

"How many people live here?" inquired Sam, pointing to the immense collection of buildings spread out beneath their feet.

"Seventy or eighty thousand," answered the consul.

"My good gracious!" cried Sassy. "And they call this a savage country!"

Their companions smiled.

The party rode down the incline and galloped into the suburbs of the city, presently halting before a large residence, in the garden of which towered a flag-staff bearing the American flag.

As they dismounted a handsome young woman, about twenty years old, came out on the veranda, and welcoming the consul, said:

"Why, John, I've been dreadfully worried about you?"

"Are we in Tai-Waun or home?" whispered Sam to Hank.

"I'm all safe, wife!" laughingly replied the consul, giving the lady a good, honest kiss. "per-mit me to introduce to you a gentleman of whom we both have read—Sassy Sam Sumner."

The lady laughed merrily and gave him her hand, saying:

"You're welcome a thousand times—you can't rub that out."

Sassy joined in the merriment and began to chat with Mrs. Dow—for the moment forgetting Hank—who looked as sour as a green apple, and who at length observed in a surly tone:

"Don't mind me. I'm only der 'Kew-lew-lew!'"

"Oh—'scuse me," grinned Sam, bowing to Mrs. Dow, "I forgot to introduce you to my esteemed friend and future brother-in-law, Hank Sumner, Esquire."

Hank's features relaxed, and he returned their hostess's salute, while the consul related the particulars of his cruise, and of the boys' meeting with the pirate.

"Poor Mrs. Bowen!" sighed the lady, "she loved him, and that sanctified everything!"

"Yer kean't rub dat out," murmured Sam.

"I forgot your poor Mary," observed Mrs. Dow. "Have you any news concerning her death?"

Just as he was about to reply the baggage and Job arrived.

"What a comical little fellow," smilingly remarked the lady. "How old is he, Mr. Sumner?"

"Over one hundred years—he is a centennial," gravely replied Sassy; then starting his music-box, which he took from his sea-chest, said, "Know that tune, Mrs. Dow?"

It was "America."

Sam paid the Chinese expressman for bringing his baggage from Ta-kow, then retired with Hank to brush up for dinner.

"You needn't have got your dander up because I didn't introduce you right away," he remarked, as they entered a double-bedded room, set apart

for their use. "I can't help being famous, and naturally Mrs. Dow wanted to talk to me first."

"I know it!" said his chum; "some fellows would boss me clean through—you're a good chap, Sassy, yer always give me a show!"

"Nuf said!" laughed Sam. "Say, ain't this an awful savage country, bubby? If African Stanley don't meet with worse folks than we have, he'll have a mighty easy time of it, hey!"

Dressing themselves in cool blue linen sailor suits, which they had purchased in Amoy, the boys descended to the veranda, where they found Job amusing their hostess. After dinner they adjourned to the parlor and Mrs. Dow charmed them by singing some ballads—such as "My Old Kentucky Home," and "Way Down upon the Swanee Ribber."

"Gol darn it!" whispered Hank, slyly digging Sam in the ribs. "Dey said dis was a savage country!"

Little did either imagine what was in store for him.

"Now, Mr. Sumner," inquired their hostess, "will you oblige us by relating your adventures after your arrival in New York? We felt real sorry to hear of poor Mary's loss!"

Hour after hour passed and Sam rattled on in a low, musical voice.

When he had concluded, his hostess rose and said:

"Good-night, Mr. Sumner! You will find Mary if she is alive! Patience and faith overcomes everything!"

"Yes!" murmured our hero; "yer kean't rub dat out, merm."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE EXPEDITION STARTS FOR SAVAGE LAND.

THE next day the friends visited the city of Tai-Wan-Foo, and saw the grand temple erected to the memory of Kok-sin-ga (the tailor's son) called King of Formosa.

"Why," Sam ejaculated, as the consul pointed out nine gigantic stone tortoises, each of which supported an immense marble tablet bearing the name of a dead hero. "We haven't any such buildings as this in New York; it's bigger than the new post-office will be. And yet folks call this a savage country."

"There are a hundred larger buildings than this in Tai-Wan-Foo alone," remarked the consul, "spite of which you will find the real natives savage enough; while their conquerors are not always celebrated for their humanity!"

After inspecting the old Dutch fort, which they found inhabited by swarms of bats, they visited the Students' Examination Hall, in which were a thousand stone seats brought from Amoy.

As they entered, a number of scholars who had been their fellow-passengers on board the junk, rose and saluted them, saying:

"Sin-sin."

Sassy grinned, then turning to the consul, said:

"Tell 'em I haven't got my musical inside tuned."

His friend laughingly complied, on hearing which a few of the students formed a committee, and invited Sam and his companions to dinner.

"You seem to be a prime favorite with the boys," observed their friend. "Will you accept the invitation?"

"I guess so," answered Sassy.

The students were overjoyed, and named the next day as the one upon which they would like to entertain their brave deliverers, and as the visitors quitted the hall, they struck up "Malch, malch, malch," by way of compliment.

"You've made more friends among the Chinese in two days than I have in as many years," remarked their guide. "Come, I have shown you the smooth, now let us take a peep at the rough side of Celestial inner life." Saying which, he conducted them outside the northeast gate to a large lawn, about fifteen acres in extent.

"Is this yer a base-ball ground?" inquired Hank.

Leading them to a corner near the gateway, he pointed to a heap of round, mildewed skulls and little cages that were piled against the wall, saying:

"Boys, those are the remains of American and English sailors and missionaries decapitated by the order of the Chinese authorities!"

"Jack Handspike was right," murmured Sassy. "I'd rather trust the original Tai-Waunese than their civilized conquerors." While Hank said:

"Wot sort of birds did dey keep in dem cages?"

"Those," said the guide, "contain the skulls of

missionaries who have endeavored to convert the Chinese settlers to Christianity."

Sam gazed at the horrible looking mass for awhile; then, turning to the consul, said:

"Mister, folks were right about these Chinese; their civilization is very much like what we call being savage—yer kean't rub dat out!" then moved slowly away, saying: "I guess they thought they was doing right, anyhow; most folks goes too far when they tries to make others take a dose of their religion! I'd like to bury them remains."

"I'd like ter kill der snoozers who made 'em!" indignantly observed Hank.

"Don't get mad, my boy," said the consul.

"The men who committed those murders died long ago. The skulls have been here nearly half a century."

"They shan't be here another day," murmured Sassy. "I'll ask the students to bury them. It's a shame for a lot of American citizens' bones to be exposed for a pack of foreigners to mock at."

After seeing the elephant they returned to the consulate and examined their baggage.

"Leave your sea-chests here," suggested their friend. "Will you allow me to give you a little advice?"

"Certainly," answered Sam. "We ain't stuck up, and shall be thankful for any hints."

"Have two strong leathern knapsacks made," said the consul; "stow them with your necessary clothing and a dozen or two of these circular looking-glasses," showing them some of those metal-framed, round mirrors, used by the Chinese in trading for camphor trees with the savages; "then have a couple of cartridge-boxes made to sling beneath your knapsacks; thus you can carry your ammunition safely and easily and when you add your fire-arms, you will have weight enough for any purpose."

"Good!" said Sassy; and soon a couple of Chinese shoemakers were seated in the veranda working away at the required articles, which they made out of native pigskin.

"Only one cartridge-box?" observed their host, as he translated Sam's instructions to the workmen.

"I shall carry my trusty friend, otherwise my boot-black-box," laughed Sassy. "It will hold a good dose of pills for the savages, and I'm used to the old masheen—yer kean't rub dat out!" with which he produced his box and set Job to work polishing his sign-plate.

"One pair of blue flannel pants, one blue flannel sailor's shirt, two under flannels, one spare pair of shoes, ditty bag, lump of soap, and the looking-glasses," observed Hank, as he packed his chum's knapsack, a nice, solid affair, with soft leathern cross-belts.

"What are yer going to put on der back, Sassy?"

Sam thought for awhile, then, taking some black paint and a Chinese brush, painted the following letters on each article:

"S-S-S
E-I-S-O-M-M-S
Y-C-R-T-O."

"What does that mean, Mr. Sumner?" inquired Mrs. Dow, who had been an amused spectator of Sassy's sign-painting.

Sam grinned, then said:

"That, ma'am, means Sassy Sam Sumner's Expedition in Search of Miss Mary Sumner! You can't rub that out!"

"Nor the members of the expedition?" smilingly observed the lady.

Hank packed his own baggage, and the cartridge-box and Sam's "trusty friend" were filled with ammunition, after which their arms were inclosed in the oil-cloth covers furnished by Mr. Warde, and the American flag was secured to a rifle-cleaner—a strong steel rod—and inserted in the barrel of Sassy's fire-arm, which being done, they went to dinner.

The next day they proceeded to the public tea-gardens, where they were entertained by the students of the Imperial College of Tai-Wan-Foo.

"Wot makes yer look so solemn?" whispered Hank, as Sam took his seat.

"I've got skulls on my mind!" breathed his chum.

After filling their guests with Chinese delicacies, the company called upon our hero for a speech, which request the consul translated, saying:

"Now, my friend, relieve your mind of the skulls!"

Sassy rose, and in an impressive speech, which lost nothing by being interpreted, told them that if they wanted to do him a favor, they would bury the remains of his countrymen, adding:

"Go for a walk to-night, pick up a skull or a bird-cage each, meet somewhere to bury them, and the job is done!"

The students promised to fix this, and wishing

him good luck during his journey on land, bade him an affectionate adieu.

At daybreak the following morning Sassy and Hank shouldered their arms, and accompanied by Job, started for the Savage District.

CHAPTER XXIII. A.D.C.

OUR BOYS' ADVENTURE WITH THE CAMPHOR-GATHERERS.

"I'm glad we're off!" said Sam as they mounted a slight incline and turned to look at the city. "Them Chinese students are bully boys, and Consul Dow and his wife are really nice folks, but it was like 'lingering while the enemy advances on your works!' I feel as though we ought not to lose a moment, but should travel day and night."

"We'd soon bust up if we did," growled Hank who, though anxious to ascertain the fate of his sister, did not care to kill himself with unnecessary fatigue.

They traveled for several days, through a low, marshy country, thinly inhabited by Chinese settlers, who generally bolted on their approach, and, on the fourth morning, began to mount a range of hills which formed a spur of the backbone of the island.

"Now for the Tai-Waunese!" said Sassy, pulling his *Mei-jin* from his receptacle and wearing it outside his clothes; then, unfurling the American flag, silently marched forward, followed by Hank, who also exhibited his talisman.

Up, up they clambered until they struck a path leading to a small shed, thatched with palm leaves, in which some Chinese were boiling the chips and leaves of a camphor-tree they had purchased from the savages, who own all the forest of that timber.

As they approached the party, the boys placed their fingers upon the triggers of their rifles—imagining that they had happened upon some Tai-Waunese—while the awe-stricken camphor-gatherers, who took the lads for a couple of devils—dropped upon their hands and knees and crawled into the adjacent underwood, from which leafy retreat they watched the actions of our young friends.

Up to that time they had subsisted upon rice and fruit taken from the little stalls they came across on the roadside—always leaving a Jew cash by way of payment, but these supplies failed them as they neared the hills, they were beginning to feel mighty hungry. Entering the hut, Sassy commenced examining its contents.

"Dey're making root beer!" observed Hank, pointing to a heap of twigs, leaves, and camphor-wood chips piled near a couple of stills, formed by turning one round pot over another. "Say, here's some cooked rice and a bucket of tea—let's have a feed?"

"Chee-chee!" cried Job, making a sortle into the underwood and causing the camphor-boilers to flee, yelling like demons, while Hank, raising his rifle to his shoulder, was about to fire, when Sam stayed him, saying:

"Stop, Kululu! What are you going to shoot?"

"Savages!" grinned the boy.

"Pooh!" returned Sassy. "Don't you know what Stanley wrote in *The New York Herald*?"

I never permitted Kululu to use his rifle unless I wanted food, and I was most particular in never aiming my gun at a native, unless we were first threatened.

"There yer go agin!" snapped Hank, "callin' me Kew-lew-lew! Why didn't yer bring a mig wid yer ter carry yer target?"

Sam smiled, saying:

Hank, we are something like Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday—yer kean't rub dat out!" then dipping a bowl in the rice, handed it to him saying: "Cram that in your hold, my son."

Attracted by the smell of food, Job came back, scratching himself in a meditative fashion, as though investigating the locality of a newly-developed flea.

"Saw der savages, Job?" grinned Hank, giving him a dollar of rice to eat.

"Chee-chee!" he chuckled, still keeping one eye on the underwood.

Presently an old Chinaman put forth his head, then emerged from the tangle and cautiously advanced.

"Chuck a lump of wood at him!" suggested Hank, who insisted that the man must be a savage.

"Drop it!" growled Sassy. "This isn't a Tai-Waunese; it's a Chinaman!" then addressing the trembling old fellow, said: "Come along, old shiv-ery-shakery; we won't eat you. Sin-sin!" with which he started his musical-box, whereupon the heathen Chinese fell upon his hands and knees and bowed his forehead to the ground.

"Shall I stick a pin into his pants?" suggested Hank.

"No," scowled Sam. "Don't you see he's a

regular old Centennial! Quiet, Job—darn you!" whipping the catch-chain on the monkey's belt and securing him; then advancing, he raised the ancient from the ground, saying: "Stand up like a man, old Bob Ridley, oh!"

The patriarch rose, and proceeding to the shed, seated himself, while Sassy calmly poured him out a bowl of his own tea and respectfully handed it to him.

This act reassured the old camphor-gatherers, who, like all Chinese, venerate age. If you are not civil to old folks in China, you are considered worse than a savage. They thought that Sam "was a very good sort of devil," so gradually took courage.

It was a comical sight—Sassy, Job, and Hank watching the Chinamen, and the latter gaping back, wondering where the dickens our boys had sprung from. They had heard of foreigners, but, strange to say, had never seen them.

"*Tai-jin*" (great men!) said the old fellow, gaining confidence and putting on a huge pair of horn spectacles, which made him look like a human owl.

"*Mei-jin*" said Sam, smiling. "That's the sort of gin we are, old Senator."

"*Shirery-show-jin*" (sailor-men) suggested an old woman, who was evidently smarter than any of the men.

"You're wrong, Mrs. Wrinkles!" laughed Sassy. "We ain't in the show biz; we're Formosan explorers!" pointing up the mountains.

"I've got it," solemnly observed the aged man, in his own language. "These are run away foreign sailors—they have heard all about the treasures in the golden cities of the interior, and are risking their lives to reach them! We will conduct them to the boundary line, and—!" here he smiled faintly, "if they are killed and eaten by the hill-men, it will only serve them right."

"What is he chinning about, Sass?" inquired Hank.

"Gin, I believe," said Sam. "The junk folks and the scholars were *sin-ers*, and these critters are *gin-ers*. I don't believe I shall ever learn Chinese—there's too much *gin-sin* in it!"

After examining Job from a distance, and pronouncing him to be a "Shrunken Foreign Devil," the camphor-gatherers armed themselves with bows and arrows—which they took from a stow-hole in the thatch of the shed—then chin-chinning a joss which was nailed to one of the posts, they placed the old man in a bamboo seat, provided with carrying poles, lifted him from the ground, and signaled the lads to follow them, after which they started up the rocky path towards the mountain.

The Chinese have a saying:

"If you are cursed with a troublesome visitor, send him to call on your enemy."

This was their idea with regard to our boys.

At dusk they halted at a group of empty huts, and after cooking some rice, which they generously shared with the lads, stretched themselves on some old mats inside the principal building, and fell asleep.

Sassy and Hank sought the shelter of another hut, then composed themselves for slumber; but it came not, for the place was alive with fleas and other insects.

"Dern it!" growled Hank. "Der camphor cusses must be copper-plated. I'm raw all over!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

AMONG THE GENUINE TAI-WAUNESE

At daybreak the lads arose, and finding a stream near by, much to the horror of their Chinese guides, bathed themselves.

"They'll catch their deaths," murmured the old man, as he surveyed their antics through his horn spectacles. "But there, what does it matter whether they die of cold water, or at the hands of the savages?"

"You are right!" cried his followers, who always applauded what he said.

On the summit of the first important ridge of the cloud-capped mountains of Nan-Sha is a stockade, held by the natives or Tai-Waunese, as we shall in future term the savages.

To this fort four times a year come the chiefs, in order to receive payment for the gum-camphor trees and to mark the forest set apart during the next three moons for the operations of the camphor-collectors; the stockade being a sort of neutral ground.

After partaking of a light breakfast of rice and tea, the old man seated himself in his sedan, and gave the word to march, whereupon the boys fell into the ranks and joined the procession.

"Hank," said our hero, "my idea is they are going to sell us to the Tai-Waunese."

"Pooh!" sneered his chum. "It would be a

sell for dem if dey tried to. Didn't de consul say dat no Chinaman dare show his 'nose in der Tai-Waun hills?"

"Oh, that's all moonshine!" said Sassy. "Here we are in the hills, and we've got a crowd of Chinese with us. You see, folks who haven't been in a country, should never write or talk about it, it only misleads folks. Mr. Dow has been misinformed."

In a short time they came in sight of the fort, once a strong place, built by the Dutch, now shaken by repeated earthquakes into ruins, which had been used in the formation of the native stockade.

Ordering the party to come to a halt, their leader gravely ignited a string of fire-crackers, then taking a small gong from the attendant, began a tom-tom, which caused a number of dogs in the fort to yowl by way of chorus.

"Show's going to begin," shouted Hank.

"You kean't rub dat out," answered Sam. "Show yer *Mei-jin*, bub; here comes the real, original Barnum's wild men."

As he spoke, the Chinese, with the exception of their leader, fell upon their hands and knees, as, with an unearthly yell, a couple of hundred fierce-looking savages rushed from the stockade and came leaping and shrieking towards them.

"Keep quite calm, Hank," said our hero, folding his arms and striking an indifferent attitude. "Nothing wiles savages so much as showing 'em you ain't scared."

On came the crowd, the Chinese trembling visibly, but Sassy and his chum stood like rocks, their silver *Mei-jins* glistening in the morning sun, and instantly attracting the attention of the Tai-Waunese, who, upon nearing them, paused, started, and remained motionless.

Sam, who was secretly almost frightened out of his senses, noticed this, and smartly acted upon their superstition.

Pointing to his *Mei-jin* with one hand, he started his musical box with the other, whereupon the Tai-Waunese fell upon their knees, shouting:

"*Malla! Malla!*" (Gods! Gods!) None but the Talealee, or head chief, being permitted to use the word *Mei-jin*.

The box rattled off "Old Dan Tucker," then Sassy shifted the tune to "Yankee Doodle," at the same time unfurling the Stars and Stripes, and winking at his chum, saying:

"That knocks 'em, Hank! Yer kean't rub dat out!"

"Keno!" gasped the other—once more daring to draw breath. "Say, Sass, yer've euchred der hull crowd!"

"Hush!" hurriedly returned our hero. "Put on a lot of frik's and do as I do!" with which he advanced and placing his foot upon the neck of the nearest Tai-Wanner, said, in a solemn tone:

"Hunki-dori-doodle-um-day! Yer kean't rub dat out," then walking among the crowding group, repeated the words, his companion doubling up, as though with cramps, and almost choking with suppressed laughter.

This ceremony over, Sassy handed their Chinese guide a gold dollar; and motioned him to "get," saying:

"Clear out, old Head-light; we're all O. K. with this crowd."

In two minutes not a Chinaman was to be seen, and after Sam stopped the music, the Tai-Waunese arose and respectfully motioned the lads to follow them.

"Say," grinned Hank, "I never thought being a mermaid was so bully. Didn't yer bluff 'em wid yer hunki-dori-doodle-um-day?"

"Yer kean't rub dat out!" cautiously replied Sassy, adding: "Don't yer grin so, Hank; you'll bust the charm if yer do."

"I'll be as serious as a feller who's got six years for nothing," murmured the other following his leader.

The Tai-Waunese were fine, six feet high, brown-skinned fellows, with long, curling black hair, and ferocious beards and mustaches, naked—all but a waist-cloth—and armed with bows, arrows and knives. Taking them altogether, they were about as fine a set of savages as could be well imagined.

It is not surprising that they were astonished at seeing the silver figures, as there were only two of the latter in existence, and these were as well known to the Tai-Waunese as Washington's statue in Union Square, New York, is to our own boys.

The history of the silver *Mei-jin*, or mermaids, was as follows:

A thousand years ago, long before the time of the Tai-Waunese, when Formosa was inhabited by a white race, the latter built magnificent temples and cultivated the land up to the hill-tops, planting the forests of camphor-trees seen to this day.

An eruption of sulphurous smoke in the burning district, which occurred one still winter's day, covered the lowlands of the island with a poisonous air, and killed every human being on it. This did not damage the mountain range or the trees and vegetation of the flats, which were protected by their snowy envelope, and in the spring everything burst into life, and the place once more looked beautiful.

For two thousand years Tai-Waun was uninhabited, and the wonderful earthquake proof buildings of the ancient race were unvisited by man; then the men, Malays, landed with their wives from a wrecked junk, and finding the country teeming with vegetable life, and free from the various animals or snakes, did not attempt to leave it.

These Tai-Waunese multiplied rapidly, and, quitting the plains, explored the mountains, where they discovered the so-called "Golden Cities of the Interior."

It was on the altar of the Grand Temple that the savages found the two silver *Mei-jin* which they carefully guarded and worshiped, until 1439, when the figures were stolen by a Chinese pirate.

The loss of these images, or gods, was considered a national one, and the Tai-Waunese vowed vengeance against the thief.

After fighting the Chinamen, who endeavored to whip them out just as they were doing the Indians, they, in 1700, retreated to the mountains, from which they have ever since waged deadly war against their invaders, their only peaceful intercourse being when selling camphor wood trees, which is conducted, as I have described, at the stockade.

About twenty years previous to the arrival of Sam and his friends among the Tai-Waunese, Jack Handspike and his companion, Jack Bower, had noticed the silver figures in a temple at Amoy and had stolen them, soon after which Handspike was wrecked on the Island and treated as a merman.

Our readers will not therefore be astonished to learn that, upon seeing the two handsome boys, wearing the ancient gods of their people, the Tai-Waunese believed them to be mermen who had returned with their sacred treasures.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN WHICH SASSY DISCOVERS THE INCONVENIENCE OF REPRESENTING HIMSELF TO BE JACK HANDSPIKE.

THE savages led the way into the interior of the ruined fort, and showed the boys a large room which had been spared by the earthquakes and evidently fitted up as a temple or a meeting-house; the walls being rudely decorated with figures of mermen and mermaids.

Walking to the upper end, to a raised seat, then placing his fingers in his mouth, our hero said to the chief:

"Have you any clam chowder handy?"

The person addressed, a white-headed old man, who had not come out of the fort with the crowd, now advanced, and as he did so Job, who had hitherto been scared, and hiding in Sam's bosom, crawled forth and, walking towards the aged savage, raised his paws to his head and saluted.

To the boys' amusement the chief, after regarding Job carefully, said in a plain tone:

"Do you want to bust the charm, you duffer?"

"My gracious!" murmured the boy, in a smothered voice. "Wouldn't Jack be waxy if he heard der old cuss?"

"Jack Handspike!" once more gravely observed the venerable chief, then, turning to the awed crowd who were kneeling behind him, said something which evidently meant, "I cannot see what has made him shrink so."

"Don't you see," whispered Sam, "they think Job is old Jack come back? I must stop this, or they may take to him and kill us," saying which he rose and in a solemn voice, pointed to his *Mei-jin*, and cried, "I am Jack Handspike! Hunki-dori-doodle-um-day!"

The chief seemed to be puzzled, and gazed first at him and then at the monkey.

"Der old shell-back wasn't blowing after all," muttered Hank.

"I always firmly believed Jack's story," whispered Sassy—"that is, the part about his being wrecked. See, Job is chummyzing with the old buster. They must think Jack has shrunk considerably." The monkey was shaking hands with the chief and looking up in his face as innocently as a baby; being attracted by a large flea he saw cruising on the old fellow's neck; but, after having secured this prize, he began to "chaw" it and took no more notice of the savage than though he had been an image.

"Found a new hunting-ground, eh, Job?" said Sassy, who felt very much inclined to laugh.

wish we had, but unfortunately we can't live off of fleas."

Just then the old man advanced and bowed before Sam, who, placing his foot upon his neck, solemnly observed:

"Hunki-dori-doodle-um-day! Yer kean't rub dat out!"

"Oh—I shall bust if I kean't laff!" muttered Hank.

"I'll give you a lift under the ear, if you don't behave," savagely returned Sassy. "You're a nice feller. How do you expect to find Mary if you carry on like that?"

This sobered the boy.

Seating himself, Sam gave Hank a cautionary dig in the ribs with his elbow, after which the chief gravely rose, and bowing, held up two fingers, saying:

"Jack Handspike?" then pointing to Hank uttered a Tai-Waun word meaning, "who is that?"

"Hank Sumner!" said Sassy.

"Hank Sumner!" solemnly repeated the chief, as though learning a prayer, then bowed to Job, who had fixed the flea and was hungry for another.

"That," said Sam—scarcely able to suppress a grin, "is Job Centennial!"

The chief shook his head and murmured:

"Jack Handspike."

"I'm Jack Handspike!" once more remarked Sassy, pointing to his *Mei-jin*, then, putting his fingers in his mouth, motioned that he was hungry; upon which the chief said something to one of the savages, who thereupon retired.

A solemn pause now ensued; so Sam started his musical-box, on hearing which the chief bowed his head, and evidently prayed.

"I see," whispered Sassy, "I mustn't waste music, but keep it for extra occasions—it knocks 'em—yer kean't rub dat out!" with which he stopped the instrument, and watched the group before him.

It was an extraordinary scene—two American boys, by mere force of music, and the possession of a couple of silver images, awing a crowd of savages who, if the reports were true, were cannibals.

In a short time the man who had been sent out by the chief returned with two bowls, one containing boiled rice, and the other camphor-wood maggots, roasted to a crisp.

"Pitch in," said Sam, as the savage handed them the viands. "Scoop it up with your hands, Hank," adding, "fingers were made before forks."

"My gracious!" ejaculated the other, "what is in this bowl—mag-gits?"

Just then Job came forward, smelled the roasted delicacies, seized one, and began to crunch it between his teeth, at the same time uttering a low cry of pleasure; hearing which the chief looked at him in a puzzled fashion, and murmured:

"Jack Handspike!"

"I savvy," whispered Sassy, grasping a handful of the crisp insects, "here goes, mag-gits or no mag-gits! I guess Jack liked 'em, and I must imitate him!"

To his surprise, they tasted very good; so he waltzed in, and enjoyed them.

This evidently puzzled the chief.

"Take some, Hank," said Sam, "they are bul-ly," but his chum didn't see it, observing:

"Yer don't git dis child ter eat mag-gits!"

When they had finished their repast, the old chief rose and made an oration, his followers listening with the deepest attention.

"I wish I could understand their lingo," whispered our hero to his friend. "He's chinning about Jack Handspike!"

The chief continued speaking, alternately pointing to Sassy, Job, and the figures of the merman on the walls, and uttering the words:

"Jack Handspike, Jack Handspike!" finally turning to Sam, and, with a profound bow, saying, Jack Handspike, as though at last assured that it was the merman returned looking younger than ever.

All the crowd fell upon their hands and bowed their heads in the dust, seeing which Sam solemnly repeated the words:

"Hunki-dori-doodle-um-day! Yer kean't rub dat out!"

The chief smiled as much as to say:

"Oh, isn't this a meeting of old chums? I've done it! It's I who have discovered our lost souls!" Then addressing Sam, made another speech ending with "Loala!"

Sassy turned pale.

"Wat's matter?" ejaculated his friend. "Mag-gits troubling yer, Sassy?"

"Worse than that!" whispered Sam.

"How?" said his chum.

"Listen!"

Once more the old chief addressed his people,

and thrice during his speech uttered the name of Loala.

"My gracious!" gasped Sassy, "I never thought of that, Loala is Jack Handspike's wife."

"Come!" said the old chief, preparing to march. "Loala! Loala!" with which he rose and respectfully motioned them to follow him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE LADS' WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE IN GEYSER-LAND.

POOR Sassy! For the moment all the fun was taken out of him, but he wasn't the boy to give in even at the prospect of having to acknowledge a horrid old hag of a Tai-Waun as Mrs. Handspike, and after marching a mile or two, recovered his usual good humor.

"Yer've put yer fut in it, Sassy!" said his chum. "We're going ter see yer wife, and ye'll have ter own to her or dey'll say we're frauds!"

"Oh, I'll fix 'em!" grinned Sam. "I've been in a good many tight places but have always contrived to find a worm-hole!"

"Yer found der worms fust, dis time!" laughed Hank, referring to the camphor maggots. "Yer shouldn't have bin so fast scoffin' dem, dey sold yer, bubby! Der Tai-Wauna was convinced yer was old Jack, by der way yer wired in at dem luxuries. Yer kean't rub dat out!"

"Don't yer fret!" said his friend.

They marched northward, camping every night and sleeping in the open air.

Luckily it was the dry season, and they only experienced a few slight showers of rain.

On the morning of the fourth day they entered a desolate region, and saw ahead what appeared to be a country covered with burning ruins. They were in the volcanic district, the spot from which exuded the death-dealing gas that had once destroyed the inhabitants of Formosa.

The Tai-Waunese halted and worshiped the silver images, so Sam treated them to "Yankee Doodle" on the musical-box, which appeared to cheer them considerably, after which they tied their body-cloths about their mouths and noses, and, following a beaten path, entered the volcanic range.

As they advanced they observed the skeletons of several natives lying by the way, and our boys, noticing that none of them were bound about the mouth like their party, concluded that they had died through neglecting this precaution, so proceeded to protect themselves by wrapping their woolen garments about their organs of breathing, while Job was placed inside of Sassy's shirt.

After marching some time they came to holes in the ground, from which issued a deadly cloud of heavy, white vapor—luckily for the boys, this crept along the ground, and did not rise above a foot from the surface. Following some bamboo stakes which were, at regular intervals, driven in the ground, they entered this misty sea and began to hear a noise ahead.

"There's a lot of steam-engines somewhere about," muttered Hank.

"Keep your mouth shut," said Sam.

"Boom! boom!" went the geysers, and soon they reached a place where, spouting from the fog-sea all about them, were fountains of liquid mud and boiling water.

It was a grand, terrible scene—the ground covered with the thick sulphur-flavored mist, which, if it had risen but for an instant, would have smothered them, and the gigantic, weird geysers spouting and hissing like a thousand fire-engines.

The chief marched first, one of his followers placing his right hand on the old fellow's right shoulder, Sam and Hank doing the same in rotation, and the rest of the party tailing on—thus, each man had his right hand on the shoulder of the person before him, and all of them depended upon the chief.

Luckily the old fellow had crossed the geyser land hundreds of times and knew every step of the way.

"This is seeing life!" thought Sam. "I wonder if Mary had to go through Little Hell?"

Fortunately the day was a calm one, and the thick fog did not rise in billows as was sometimes the case in windy weather.

As the sun was setting they emerged from the poisonous gas and mounted the side of a hill, then, removing their mouth-protectors, the savages bowed before Sam and Hank.

To the surprise of the boys the fumes of the brimstone had turned the silver *Mei-jins* jet black.

Sassy did not interfere with the Tai-Wauners' amusement, and gave them a tune by way of refreshment.

As he was starting the works he felt Job, who,

overcome by the vapor, had fallen into a sort of fit.

The fresh air quickly revived the animal, but after he came too, the monkey was exceedingly unwell, vomiting just like a human being does.

"It's der maggits," observed Hank.

"Go along!" grinned his friend. "It's the brimstone gas! Job was nearer to it than we were and it caught his nose!"

"Turned his stummik, yer mean!" slyly replied Hank. "Say—der old man is chucking up awful!"

After resting for awhile, they continued their march, until they were far above the "Valley of the Geysers," and were safe from its baneful, death-dealing vapor.

This extraordinary place guards the approach to the northern mountain district, and is the natural barrier that has prevented the Chinese from following the Tai-Waunese into their hilly retreats.

It is said that an army, sent by the emperor, from Amoy, to conquer the savages, perished in one part of the geyser district, while within a mile of the scene of the disaster, ten thousand Tai-Waunese passed unharmed through the vapor.

The secret of their safety being their knowing the spots where the gas was thinnest.

This description, like the adventures of our boys, is not a "made up story," but founded on fact, the writer of this story having visited, and spent some time in Formosa.

The Tai-Waunese in charge of Sassy and his chum, lighted fires and prepared a meal of rice; then, having served our boys, fell to themselves, and enjoyed a hearty supper.

"Hank," whispered our hero, as they prepared to retire for the night, "we ought to thank God for allowing us to pass through that dangerous place."

"That's so," said his friend, and, to the astonishment of the savages, the boys knelt and prayed.

When they had ended, the chief pointed to their *Mei-jins*, raised his hand and looked upwards, saying something they could not understand.

"God!" said Sam, indicating the heaven above them.

The chief thought for a moment, then nodding towards the moon, made a long speech.

It was quite evident that he took the lads for moon worshippers, and, as this was out of his range, he accepted the idea just as we do things that puzzle us, we swallow them whole without asking questions.

"Comical life, ain't it?" whispered Sassy, as he stretched himself out at the foot of a gigantic camphor-tree. "Say, Hank, I can't feel the fleas biting me?"

"Fleas," dreamingly murmured his chum, "is like humans, dey caves when you smudders 'em wid brimstone gas! Perfumes knock 'em, Sassy!"

"I hope we shall soon hear something of Mary!" observed Sam.

"Ye—a," droned Hank, beginning to snore, "but ye'll—meet—Lo—ala—first—old—Sea—boats!" with which he ceased to talk and resigned himself to slumber.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SASSY AND HIS FRIEND ARE CONDUCTED TO MRS. LOALA HANDSPIKE'S PALACE.

It was Sam's policy not to use their rifles, or, until compelled by circumstances to exhibit their stock of looking-glasses.

He did not want to break the spell of superstition, and to play the part of a warrior or trader.

"Shall I pot one of dem dern ducks?" demanded Hank, as they rose to resume their march.

There was a big flight of wood-ducks o'er-head, but Sam would not permit him to fire.

This was wise. Explorers should never throw away a shot.

They marched on, the Tai-Wauners taking every care of them, and on the tenth day from that of their joining the savages arrived at a ravine leading to the top of a cloud-capped range of rocks.

"We're going up inter der snow!" said Hank, as they clambered after their guides. "Don't der deacon step out real lively, he's a regular Essence of Old Virginny," referring to the spry way in which the chief skipped over the rocks.

"Dern him, his old shanks twinkle agin!"

"Hold your row!" growled Sam. "I believe that this path leads up Loala's shebang! Old Beeswax has mentioned her name pretty often, and I'm afraid we're going to interview her!"

"Cheer up, old ship!" observed Hank. "If she's young and pretty I'll take her off yer hands—I ain't spoke for, and as far as I'm concerned, would rather live here dan bum round New York selling extrees!"

"Pshaw!" snapped Sassy. "How foolish

you talk! Old Jack said she was about his age—he's seventy if he's an hour—and he told me she swore worse than he did!"

"Cheer up, old boss!" said his chum, "she may be dead—don't yer be down on yer luck, son!"

"Bless you, I'm not!" laughed Sam—dwelling on Jack's description of Laola, "she ain't dead, er Deacon Limber-Limbs, ahead there, wouldn't talk about her. I guess I shall have to bounce the old critter!"

"Yer kin do that to rights," grinned the other.

Up they mounted until they came to a strongly-built gateway, when their leader bade his followers halt, then said to Sam:

"Laola!" and pointed to the mist-enveloped rock above.

"Lead on, Macduff! I'm derved if Jack's wife ain't old enough to be my grandmother!" said Sassy. "If this don't beat a play, my name ain't Sam Sumner."

"Or mine Kew-lew-lew!" slyly murmured Hank. "Who'd black boots in der old city, when dey could travel as we does," adding with a sigh, "But dere ain't but one Sassy in der world."

The chief walked, or rather, climbed on ahead, and approaching the gateway, knocked at the door, shouting:

"Jack—Jack!" (open, open.)

After a little delay, the postern gate was opened, and a Tai-Wauner, clothed in a scarlet breech-cloth, peeped out:

"That's Jack in der box!" whispered Hank.

"Oh, stow your larks!" growled Sam, who was thinking of his approaching interview with Laola. "Dern you, it's no joke to have to tell an old woman that you ain't her long-lost husband."

"Kow (Well), what do you want?" observed the door-keeper, staring at our boys; whereupon the chief began a long twistor, during which the words "Jack Handspike" and "Laola" were repeatedly mentioned.

"He called our old man a cow!" grinned Hank, who was scarcely able to restrain his pent-up merriment. "What a derved queer country dis is. Dey worships mermaids like you and I, Sassy, and calls a man a cow!"

"Dern yer!" savagely growled Sam. "Will yer stop yer chinning? This may bust all our plans about Mary!"

His companion sobered in an instant.

It soon became evident that something had gone wrong upon the rock, and the chief seemed much concerned.

"Spese we come to anchor?" suggested Hank, sitting down. "No extra fee fur reserved seats. Will take 'em an hour ter settle matters!"

The chief and the gatekeeper talked on, pausing every now and then to glance at Sam, who watched them very anxiously.

The fact was, when Jack Handspike ran away from his wife, which was the truth of the business, Laola had retired to one of the Golden Palaces built by the people whom I have described as once inhabiting Formosa. Here she had lived in savage state, surrounded by her wild followers, waiting for the return of the wanderer, and every day becoming more cruel to her people; but being the daughter of a high-toned chief and the wife of a merman, the Tai-Wauners did not like to limit her amusements, so for several years she had carried on in a way that had caused her people to regard her with fear and trembling.

"She'll kill him!" murmured the gatekeeper in his own language, looking admiringly at Sassy. "How young he has grown?"

"He is Jack Handspike's son," observed the chief. "The gods do not die but grow smaller and smaller until they come to nothing," adding, in a whisper: "The original Jack Handspike, Laola's husband, is hidden in this youthful god's garments! Oh, he is a wonderful deity, he sings inside!"

Just then a crowd of Tai-Waunese came rushing down the rocky pathway.

One had a lost a nose, another an ear, and the balance were similarly maimed.

"Laola!" they moaned, clapping their hands to their wounds.

"Hank!" said Sam, "no wonder old Jack shook his wife, she must be a nice sort of a Venus! See, these fellows have all lost a nose or an ear!"

"She must be too old to chaw off noses," murmured his friend. "But it do look suspicious, don't it?"

"Rather," groaned Sassy. "I wish I'd let 'em think Job was the old shell-back!"

"You'd better take them up to her!" said the door-keeper to the chief in his own language. "Send them in and come away."

The old fellow motioned the unarmed ones to stand aside, then respectfully signaled our boys to follow him up the steep pathway.

Passing the gate with its crowd of mutilated

savages, who, on seeing the *Mei-jins*, fell upon their knees, the boys slowly toiled up the blood-stained rocky road, every now and then encountering a crippled wretch who was fleeing from the presence of the woman they were seeking.

"Thank goodness my nose ain't long!" muttered Hank.

"Sassy, ye'll have ter bounce her, bubby!"

After a weary climb, they passed the cloud-line and saw, lowering above them, the mighty building that had stood the earthquakes of several centuries.

It was a solid mass of granite, built like a reservoir with sloping sides, which were carved and gilded from bottom to top, all the designs representing mermaids and mermen.

The gold work glistened in the afternoon sun, for it was past midday ere they arrived in sight of the palace, and, as they neared the entrance they heard a piercing shriek, while their awe-stricken guide whispered:

"Laola!"

Sam looked at Hank, grasped his rifle and said:

"Come, let's face the music? Mrs. Handspike is a screamer, yer kean't rub dat out!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE RESULT OF RESEMBLING JACK HANDSPIKE—AN AWFUL DISCOVERY.

MOUNTING the last few steps, the party at length arrived upon the level plateau on which the ancient palace was built, and beheld before them the grand stairway leading to the great hall in which was the altar of the mermaid, a square stone surmounted by a carved figure of a being half-woman and half-fish, while the interior walls were carved, painted, and gilded as lavishly as the outside.

The purity of the air had preserved the gold from tarnish, and the building looked about as it had done a thousand years before, when it was inhabited by the white race.

The boys gazed on the scene with astonished faces, while their guide knelt and said his prayers to the temple, every part of which is held sacred by the Tai-Waunese.

As they were admiring the sight, a hideous old woman, nearly black in color, but whose grizzly white hair stood up straight all around her head like a silver wire mop, came rushing down the grand stairway, shrieking and screaming at the top of her voice.

"Here comes yer lovely bride!" grinned Hank, while Sam unfurled the Stars and Stripes and calmly awaited her approach, saying:

"By thunder, ain't she terrible homely?"

"Laola!" moaned the chief, raising his head and quickly lowering it again.

Mrs. Handspike, for it was that lady, was no beauty, her flesh being shriveled until she looked like a mummy, and her teeth protruding like the ribs of a skeleton, while her scanty dress of rich, Chinese scarlet silk, rather increased than covered her hideousness.

Striding down the broad flight of steps, she fixed her astonished gaze upon Sam, while the affrightened chief lifted his face an inch or two from the ground and murmured:

"Jack Handspike!"

Not another soul but Laola was to be seen on the steps or about the building.

To Sassy's amusement the hag gazed searchingly at him for a moment, then said, in unmistakable English:

"You—lie!"—adding to the chief in the native tongue, "Ho-mala!" (get up, you pig!)—"Cuss you! do you think you can bluff Laola?"

"It's Mrs. H.—sure enough!" muttered Sam. "I ain't surprised, that the old shell-back shook her!"

The chief, who, savage as he was, feared the cruel woman, nervously arose and said, in his own language:

"Laola, your husband, shrunken to the size of a baby, is hidden in the garments of the first of these Gods!"

"Then I'll kill him!" she screamed, advancing towards Sassy with fingers curved, as though about to scratch his eyes out.

Our hero, nothing daunted, poled her off with the flag, and, liberating Job, for he had guessed the meaning of the chief's words, started the musical box at "Father, Come Home."

Mrs. Handspike swore a little, but upon seeing Job, cried:

"Jack, you lubber, what has made you so small?" whereupon the monkey scratched himself, looked up into her face, wrinkled his forehead, and uttered a solitary *wow*, after which Sassy coolly observed:

"It was the liquor, ma'am. Jack took to drink, it shriveled him, and that's all there's left of the old buster."

It was quite refreshing to come across a native

who could speak and understand English, though, remembering how long Jack Handspike had lived in the country, it was not surprising that his wife had learned the language.

The only drawback to the boys' pleasure was Mrs. Laola's, or Handspike's, tendency to mix cursing with her ordinary conversation, but after a while, she dropped what Hank called "der beaver business."

"Come right on," she said, keeping one eye on Job, who evidently regarded her suspiciously. "So *that's* my husband, is it?"

"All dere's left of him!" put in Hank, while Sam, who was lost in astonishment at hearing her speak such good English, murmured:

"Yer kean't rub dat out!"

Leading the way up the innermost flight of steps, Mrs. Handspike conducted them to the altar, and going behind it, opened a small cupboard, produced a bottle, and pouring out some sort of spirit into a cup, offered it to Job, who uttered a cry of pleasure, and began to suck down the fiery stuff, Mrs. Handspike watching him all the time as closely as a tiger does its prey.

While this was going on, their guide, who had remained below on his knees, slowly turned, and seeing the way clear, scooted down the path, glad to get away from the dreaded presence of the cruel Laola.

The monkey was certainly something like old Jack Handspike, and it was not strange that a people who had never seen one of those animals, and who believed in magic, should take him for their old god.

Spite of her knowledge of English, Laola was as savage as her followers, and quite as superstitious.

As Job was some time finishing off his drink, she began to swear at him, comically imitating old Jack, and causing Hank to whisper to his chum:

"Shut yer eyes, Sassy, and yer might almost fancy yer heered der old shell-back!"

"Dry up!" growled Sam. "If we can only fool her that Job is her long lost husband, she may help us to find Mary!"

"I see!" murmured his chum.

The monkey drained the last drop of spirit from the cup, then dropped it, gazed vacantly at the woman, wrinkled the skin of his forehead, chuckled, and rolled over upon his side—tight as a peep.

"Yes—dern him—it's my Jack!" sighed Laola.

"I'll fix him this trip, he shan't run away again, then, ere the boys could understand what she was about to do, she seized poor Job by the hind limbs, swung him over her head and with a savage yell, dashed the creature's head against the side of the altar, after which, putting forth all her strength, she tossed the limp body into the air: it falling over the edge of the plateau and dropping down into the valley below—this done she turned to the boys and was about to speak, when her features became convulsed, she foamed at the mouth and fell forward—dead.

As she expired, a crowd of Tai-Wauners came from all parts of the palace, where they had been hiding from her sight.

"Dern her!" murmured Hank, after a long pause. "She fixed poor old Job! Well—he went off very happy—his skin was full!"

Just then a small hand appeared above the parapet of the wall inclosing the temple grounds, and the monkey feebly crawled over the ridge—sat up, scratched his head, and uttered a melancholy:

"*Woe!*"

It had fallen upon some bushes, growing out from the ledge.

Hank hastened to welcome the animal back to life, while Sam watched the actions of the Tai-Waunese, who were examining a bag taken from the person of the dead woman.

The leading savage, a tall, white-haired chief, reverently laid the package on the altar, then loosening the string, poured its contents upon the slab.

No boy's pocket ever yielded a greater or more curious assortment of articles, among them being one brass tobacco-box, on the lid of which was scratched "Jack Handspike," a boatswain's call, a woman's thimble, four bowie knives, two jews-harps and a blood-stained handkerchief inclosed in a Japanese box; upon seeing which our hero turned pale, and taking it from the altar, examined the corner of the cambric, where he found the name of

"Mary Sumner."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE REMARKABLE OBSEQUIES OF MRS. LAOLA HANDSPIKE.

As none of the natives could speak English, Sam failed to learn anything concerning the ghastly memento.

"My gra-eious, what is dat!" demanded Hank, returning up the steps with the monkey.

"It is a trace of poor Mary!" mournfully answered his friend. "I bought her that box the day before the Samauri attacked the settlement!" while he bowed his head and big tears started between his fingers.

"Say—yer boys?" cried Hank, turning to the crowd about the dead woman, "have any of yer seen my stolen Mary?" holding up the gory relic; hearing which the chief, who was standing by the altar, slowly observed:

"Mary!" then touched first the handkerchief, next his own bosom, and pointed to the northeast, saying "Talealee!"

"Look up, Sass!" joyfully ejaculated his chum. "There's a duck who knows something about poor Mary!"

Sam raised his face and the chief repeated his pantomime, noticing which the boy started to his feet, crying:

"Come right along; I can't wait a minute."

The chief bowed; then pointing to the body made a speech, ending with the words "Mary Talealee," in uttering which he once more pointed to the northeast.

Sassy motioned that he was hungry, and one of the savages brought them some roasted roots and rice, of which they made a hearty meal.

While they were doing this the Tai-Waunese reverently removed Loala's body, carrying it to a grass-plot below, to the left of the palace, and placing it on a sort of platform which they rapidly formed out of bamboos.

"Dey don't trouble der butchers, do dey?" said Hank, scooping up the food with his hands.

"No," returned Sassy, "or the tailors either," with which he gave Job a fly that he had discovered in his rice.

"Der old gal very near cooked the monkey's goose, hey?" observed the other. "My word she gave him a bang against dat square stone an' hissed him, didn't she?"

"I wish she hadn't dropped off the handle so quickly," mused his leader. "That dead woman," pointing to the corpse, "knows whether Mary is alive or not."

"It was real mean of her to die, wasn't it?" said Hank. "See, Sass, they're going ter turn her inter bacon," pointing to the savages, who were lighting a fire beneath the body.

"They are about to burn her!" said Sam, but Hank was nearer the truth than he was.

When the fires were well alight, the chief had bamboos placed slantwise against the platform, on which rested the body, the poles meeting above the corpse formed a sort of tent-frame, which the savages covered with grass-mats damped to hold in the smoke—the fires beneath being merely allowed to smolder—and this accomplished, the Tai-Waunese began a wild dance around the funeral pile.

"You're right, Hank," mused Sassy. "They're going to turn the old girl into mild breakfast bacon. I hope they won't ask us to eat any of her."

"She can't be worse dan der mag-gits," muttered his chum, who could not forget Sam's readiness to partake of those delicacies. "Yer kean't rub dat out."

Just then a procession of girls came from one of the apartments in the rear of the temple, and the boys moved forward in order to better view the ceremony.

Hitherto they had only seen male Tai-Wauners, the savages keeping their females hidden even from each other's gaze.

These maidens were the attendants of Loala, and were beautiful, large-eyed, finely-formed girls, ranging from sixteen to twenty-five years in age. "Ain't dey pooty?" whispered Hank. "I feel mashed."

"Hush!" breathed Sam. "I'm not quite sure but that the chief is going to sacrifice one of these girls. Jack said that when a mermaid dies they butcher her, or rather her, attendants."

"Yer won't let 'em kill dese, will yer?" eagerly inquired his chum. "A feller as would murder a beautiful crowd like dis ain't worth der name of man."

"Not much," murmured our hero.

The girls, who were clad in white linen body-wraps, began a solemn chant, which contrasted strangely with the "devil's breakdown" danced by the men, who, as the maidens descended the steps, shouted and yelled frantically.

Sam kept cool, but did not take his eyes off the procession, which continued to advance slowly.

On reaching the dancers the girls halted, whereupon the chief advanced, and, grasping the first maiden by her long black hair, threw her backwards, and drawing a long, sharp knife from his belt was about to dispatch her, when our hero leveled his rifle and shouted:

"Stop—you—snoozer—or I'll put a ball through your heart!"

The chief dropped his knife and the trembling crowd ceased their breakdown.

Although he had never before seen a rifle, the boss savage had heard of Jack Handspike's shooting-iron, and feared the anger of the new *Mei-jins*—Sam's voice carrying a threat in its utterance.

The girl swooned.

Descending the steps, closely followed by Hank, Sassy raised the victim in his arms, and, addressing the other maidens, said:

"Come along, gals—the first rowdy who dares to touch you will have a head put on him!"

The chief understood him and bowed. The rest of the savages followed suit, while the parents of the maiden, who had assembled on the steps in order to see the last of their daughter, set up a cry of joy and rushed down to embrace the rescued ones.

"Keno!" cried Hank. "Yer see der old folks didn't want der daughter ter be killed. You've saved 'em, Sam. Say, ain't der men a lot of savages?"

"Yes!" smiled Sassy. "Yer kean't rub dat out!"

Finding that the *Mei-jins* would not allow him to offer the usual sacrifices, the chief directed his followers to proceed with their dancing, telling them that they must obey the gods or they would strike them dead.

Ascending to the top of the steps, the boys seated themselves, whereupon the parents of the maidens came and worshiped the lads.

"Jip 'em a tune, Sass!" suggested Hank.

Sam started the box at "Buffalo Gals," which made the kneeling figures feel quite lively.

After playing for a few moments, Sassy stopped the music, on which the parents rose and advancing in threes, viz., each father and mother leading a girl between them, solemnly presented the maidens to our boys, saying, in Tai-Waunese dialect:

"Accept her, oh, ye gods?"

The girls clustered round the lads and smiled upon them, Hank returning their admiration with interest, while Sam blushed, and, rising, addressed the parents, saying:

"Scuse me, friends, but I ain't got any choice, and as for Hank, here—he best wait and marry an American gal! Obligated to you," pointing to the astonished maidens, "but we are after another lady—Miss Sumner."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE WONDERS OF THE TEMPLE OF MERMAIDS.

IN vain Hank pleaded that he was "mashed," Sam was inexorable.

"Only dis little one!" pleaded his chum. "She's dead gone on me, Sass, and it's a sin to part true lovers," but Sam only grinned, observing:

"Go 'long, she don't care for you, but—how can she, when she has only just seen you? She only takes to you because the others do."

Hank, who was decidedly "gone" over one of the black-eyed maidens, kissed the object of his adoration, then permitted her to depart, muttering:

"It's derved mean of yer, Sass. Yer talks about de angels, and when mine comes, ses I musn't marry her! I'll refuse my consent to yer having Mary."

"I shan't ask it," grinned our hero, as the maidens and their friends vanished in the distance.

Twilight had spread its shadows over the palace, and darkness quickly followed.

"Yer treats me like a Kew-lew-lew," growled Hank. "How'd yer like me ter boss yer, hey?"

"Oh, pull down yer vest!" snapped Sam, watching the dancers below, who still kept up their break-down. "Give us a rest. If you ever come to be a United States Senator, you'll thank me for saving you from marrying a Tai-Waunee. Think of old Loala—how would you like to introduce such a scare-crow in high-toned Washington society, hey?"

"Guess some of der Senators' wives are jes' as homely," snarled his chum.

As fast as one lot of dancers tired, another took their places at the funeral pile, seeing which Sam said:

"S'pose we survey the palace and pick out a soft plank for the night? I'm played out."

Shouldering their arms, they entered the doorway through which the maidens had come, and groped along until they came to an apartment, the floor of which was covered with grass mats.

"I guess this was the Old Dear's room," said Sassy, meaning that it had been used by the late Mrs. Handspike.

"I don't care," snarled Hank, who was still mad at being treated like a Kalulu. "I'd just as soon die as live, anyhow."

Sam laughed, said his prayers, and, allowing Job to snuggle down inside his shirt bosom, stretched himself in a corner, and went right off to sleep.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SASSY FIRES HIS FIRST SHOT, THEN STARTS FOR MARY.

IN the morning they rose, and bathed in a tank of water, their swimming evidently convincing the savages that they were genuine mermen.

About eight o'clock the chief brought them some sweet limes, lemons and oranges, which, with a bowl of baked roots, afforded a plentiful meal.

"How does the old dear get on?" inquired Sassy of their attendant, pointing to the grass plot below, where a party of the savages were "hard at it," dancing and yelling like demons. "How long will she take to cure through?" saying which he made a pantomimic gesture, signifying from sunrise to sunset.

Guessing the boy's meaning, the chief held up four fingers, then pointed to the northeast, saying:

"Mary! Talealee! Mary! Mary!"

"That's talk, old Shirtless!" said Sam. "We shall be all there when the dinner gong sounds! Two and tally!"

Hank, who had recovered from his sulks, cut open a lemon and was sucking the juice, when some of it dropped upon his silver *Mei-jin*. On wiping it he found that the acid removed the black from the figures.

"Look here, Sass," he cried. "Der lemon-juice puts a polish on der *Mei-jins*."

"So it does," answered Sam, and soon they were hard at work brightening their images.

"Ain't fired our rifles yet," observed his chum.

"I guess we shall see more of the savage side of the Tai-Wauners before we reach Mary," answered his companion. "Maybe they think so much of their silver figures that we shall not want to use our rifles. I can't help remembering how wrong Colonel Warde was about Old Jack. Where would we have been if we had not known about these *Mei-jins*?"

"Made inter mild breakfast bacon, like Mrs. Handspike!" said Hank. "She takes a long time to cure, don't she? Guess she's derved stingy!"

"Suppose we take a look around the palace?" observed Sam.

"I'm there," answered the other, and soon they were wandering about the immense building.

"However did dey lift dem stones up dere?" demanded Hank, pointing to the roof, which was formed of solid slabs of granite, six feet thick by twenty in length. "It must have taken giants to have done dis work. 'Tis wonderful, ain't it?"

"Yer kean't rub dat out!" mused Sam.

Some of the halls had evidently been used as sleeping apartments, a few mats being scattered on the floors; but there was not an article of furniture in the place; however, you did not miss this, as the walls were beautifully carved and painted.

In an out-building they came across a pile of fruit and bows and arrows belonging to the Tai-Wauners, but otherwise the place was as bare as your hand.

The savages lived in the palace just as a soldier-crab does in the shell of another fish.

The grand steps divided the building into two parts, and they were a wonderful work of art, being formed of alternate blocks of black and white marble.

At the top of this flight stood the altar—a square block of stone, hollow at the back.

As the boys were peeping hither and thither they noticed the door with which the aperture was furnished, and glancing in, beheld a mass of pure gold set into the center of the hole, and fixed as firmly as though it formed part of the stone. It was an enormous nugget, which had been deposited there as an offering to the mermaid goddess, by the white people who built the palace or temple.

"There's a big lump of brass," said Hank, patting the treasure with his hand.

"It's gold!" cried Sam. "If we had that in New York we would be richer than Astor."

"Let us take it, then," suggested his chum.

As he spoke they felt the earth tremble beneath their feet.

"*Me-uka!*" (earthquake) cried the break-down dancers, abandoning the body of Loala, and rushing up the steps in a crowd.

Our boys understood their fright, and, grasping their arms, followed the mob, which bolted through the door at the rear of the altar, and scooted up an incline at the back of the building.

Sam, forgetting Job in his terror, leaving the animal behind.

Scarcely had they reached the meadow, when the earth behind them rocked, split open, trembled and shivered, a thick, yellow fire issued from the fissures, the sky became clouded with dense smoke, and, with a tremendous yawn, Nature gaped, opened her jaws, and engulfed the "Grand Temple of the Mermaids," which, for a thousand years, had withstood the terrible earthquakes that had convulsed the Island of Tai-Waun.

The rock, or mountain, on which had stood the beautiful "Palace or Temple of the Mermaids," was split fairly in halves, one portion falling forward towards the south, in the direction from whence our boys had come, and the other fragment leaning back upon the mountains behind the building, from which the rock had, thousands of years before, been rent; the temple being engulfed in the chasm, or canyon, between.

Shock succeeded shock, and more than once the lads were thrown upon the sward, while from time to time heavy masses of loose stone were detached from the land on which they stood, and went rattling down into the gorge below.

It was almost dusk ere the earthquake subsided, and the sun had set in a lurid mass of thunder-clouds, plainly showing them that they were about to experience another infliction of nature.

Strangely enough, during the earthquake not one of the savages had raised his head or spoken a word, and when it was over they remained prostrate upon their faces, until a flash of lightning broke from the murky clouds, and quivered across the sky, whereupon Sam aroused them, and led the way off the plateau on to the high land, upon which the rock leaned, as a ladder does against a wall.

It was rapidly growing dark, and the thunder-storm was gathering fast, casting its vivid glances into every nook and corner.

Scrambling up the hill-side, they finally reached a hole in the mountain which Sassy had noticed during the day, and, entering, he lighted a match, an operation which caused the Tai-Waunese to gasp with awe, and exclaim in their native tongue:

"*Ido-eta-toke malla!*" (these are deities!)

"I'd eat a loaf of toke, too, if I had one," murmured Hank, as Sam struck a second match.

"This is a big cave," said his chum, setting fire to a heap of dried leaves that had blown into a bank near the entrance of the cavern.

"Beats der one in de Central Park," grinned Hank.

Just then a terrible peal of thunder rattled overhead, and they knew that the storm had burst above them.

The dead leaves flickered into flame, then smoldered out, and seeing this, the savages piled dried twigs upon the place and blew them into combustion, after which they fed the fire, and thus lessened the dazzling effect of the lightning.

Presently down came the rain outside, and they could hear the roar of the tempest, which sounded like that of the sea.

The boys sat apart from the savages and did not fear the storm; the Tai-Waunese shook in their breech clothes and prayed to the *Mei-jin*.

They firmly believed that nothing could hurt the possessor of the sacred images.

"Give 'em a hymn," said Hank; "der next tune on der barrel is der Old Hundred—it will comfort der minds."

Our hero set the works going, and soon the grand old tune was tinkling in the ears of the chief and his followers, who listened to it as we would to the music of another world.

"That histes 'em!" whispered Sassy's chum. "I wonder how they'd like a target company's band? guess it would play 'em clear out of der minds."

The storm raged all night, and, lulled by its roar, the lads gradually fell asleep, not, however, without expressing their sorrow at Job's absence, and hoping that he might yet put in an appearance.

By midnight both civilized and savage humanity were snoring like a herd of swine.

The next morning they rose, shook themselves, and crawled into the brilliant sunlight.

Nature was smiling at his freaks of the previous day.

Sam mounted a peak overlooking the scene of devastation and, upon glancing into the canyon beneath, saw the remains of the beautiful temple piled up in confusion and cracked into fragments, which filled up the chinks, making the whole a solid bed of ruin.

"Just my luck!" sighed Hank, who had followed him. "Got my hand on a lump of gold as big as a bushel basket and de derved yearthsquake came and swallowed it up!"

Sassy looked over his shoulder, smiled at his chum, and murmured:

"Yes, old ship—it is hard! Yer kean't rub dat out!" Then turned to rejoin the savages, when he heard a faint "*chee-chee!*" and looking down saw his monkey emerge from a hole in the ruins.

"Job, old man!" he cried. "Job! Job!"

"Derned if it ain't!" shouted his companion. "Job!" but the animal merely winked, laid back the skin of its forehead in a crest of wrinkles, and made a grimace at them.

"He's lost his senses in de ole yearthsquake!" suggested Hank. "He don't know us, old man!"

"Dat be derned!" muttered Sassy. "He knows us fast enough, but he's anchored by the stern—his chain has got entangled in the ruins!"

"So it has!" returned the other. "How ever are we going to get at him? The steps are all gone, and this rock sheers like a wall."

The Tai-Waunese silently crept forward and glanced down upon the ruins.

Savages as they were, the sight awed them.

Sam thought awhile; took his telescope from his knapsack, sighted it, and looked through at Job.

The steel chain was caught in a fissure of the ruins, and the monkey's struggles had twisted it into a kink.

Removing the cleaning-rod from the muzzle of his rifle, Sassy rested the piece on the edge of the rock and aimed at the knotted chain—Hank and the Tai-Waunese watching his actions with almost breathless interest, while Job, who knew the effect of a rifle, placed his paws on the top of his head, bowed his body and trembled.

Sam quietly adjusted his eye to the sight of his weapon, and when he got the knot well in view, pulled the trigger.

The chain snapped like glass, as the rifle-ball struck it and flattened upon a part of the ruin; at the same time Job turned a somersault, and alighting upon his fore-paws, slowly began to scratch himself, as though wondering what the dickens had released him, while Hank and the savages raised a shout of joy.

"Come along, Job!" cried Sam.

The monkey glanced nervously about him—felt the bit of chain dangling from his belt—examined the broken part as though making sure he was free, then finally, uttering a sort of laugh, scrambled up the side of the precipice and rejoined his friends.

"Had a pretty rough time, hey, old senator?" said Sassy, as he stroked the animal's singed fur, whereupon the monkey solemnly stretched out its left lower limb and giving the after part a scratch, went:

"*Chuck—chuck—chuck!*"

"Bully for you!" grinned Hank. "I tought yer'd pull trough, Job."

Turning to the chief, Sam replaced the Stars and Stripes in their usual position, threw his rifle on his shoulder and said:

"Now, my friend, Mrs. Handspike being interested in the ruins of her shebang, it's no use to try and carry on the bacon curing biz, so we'll start for Mary, hey?"

The chief faced to the North, then East, summoning his crowd, gravely murmured, "Talealee," and moved forward.

"Hank," whispered our hero, "we're on the right trail now, yer kean't rub dat out!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

OUR BOYS MEET A NEW DANGER.

THE earthquake had split the mountains in more than one spot, and the chief was often puzzled about the road, added to which he was evidently on the lookout for some enemy.

In the time when the poisonous gas overflowed the island and killed the white inhabitants, the bears were asleep in their winter dens, away up in the mountains, and had escaped the common destruction.

I must here explain that the race, so suddenly swept from the face of the earth, lived during the winter on the plains, where they were sheltered from the cold blasts, while in summer they retreated to their temples, or palaces, in the mountains. The hills, being above the level of the gas—which seldom rises over six feet from its source—were never affected by the death-dealing vapor, hence it was that the bears had multiplied and given the Tai-Waunese great trouble.

As the savages were in too much awe of our boys to be at all familiar, Sam named them according to fancy—called one "Fifth Avenue," another "General Grant," because he seldom spoke, and a third, who wouldn't be put down by his chums, "Henry Ward Beecher," while he conferred the title of "Peter Cooper" upon the white-haired chief, who certainly did not look unlike our celebrated glue manufacturer.

"It's hunk to have so many distinguished people in your party," he observed to Hank.

"I don't know what yer means by 'stinguish' people," grumbled his chum, "but I do know that my stommik's empty."

"I wonder why they move along so gingerly," said Sam, taking the flag from his rifle and cooking the piece. "I believe there's an enemy 'round."

His companion followed his example, observing:

"If dere is, we'll give him a round of rifle-balls an' call der deal square."

"That's sickening," groaned Sassy.

"It's a joke—can't yer see?" grinned the other, "round and square."

"If you do that again, you'll make me ill," murmured Sam, who wanted to tease his chum.

"Hist!" observed the chief, raising his right hand.

They had just entered a valley, the sides of which were covered with gigantic camphor-trees.

"What's troubling Peter Cooper, now?" said Hank.

As they were talking over this they heard the branches on their left crackling, and presently beheld an immense bear.

"Sass," whispered Hank, "it's a Tai-Wauner in his winter fur."

"It's a—bar," gasped Sam, leveling his rifle. "Stand by—he's coming for us!"

The monster ambled towards them, until it was within a dozen yards, then raising itself upon its hind limbs and crooking its fore paws, like the ladies used to droop their hands in the Grecian bend, loosed its tongue out of its mouth, and advanced upon the boys, grunting like a hog.

Dropping upon one knee, Sassy raised his rifle, aimed for the creature's heart, and sent shot after shot into the brute, while Hank fired at the animal's eyes.

Just as it neared the lads it uttered a low roar, and fell headlong, then began to writhe and twist in its death struggle.

Reloading the chambers of his rifle, Sam advanced to give the *coup de grace*, but, imagining the bear to be exhausted, foolishly approached too closely.

In an instant the infuriated monster sprang to his feet, seized the boy in its fore paws and began to hug him.

"A—knife!—A—oh—my—chest—a knife!" groaned.

Hank drew his sailor's knife from its sheath and, advancing, handed it to poor Sam, when Job, who had, at the approach of the bear, taken to a tree, sprang down from his retreat, and clambering upon the creature's back, dug his sharp little teeth in its nose.

This enabled Sassy to use the knife, which he did to good purpose.

Delivering stab after stab in the region of the bear's heart, he soon stretched it upon the sward, and hauling off, fired shot after shot into its ear.

"They takes a lot of killing, don't they?" observed Hank.

"Yea!" laughed our hero. "Yer kean't rub dat out."

After awhile the animal ceased to move, whereupon the Tai-Waunese returned and began to cut it up with their knives.

In ten minutes a fire was lighted, and all hands were cooking "bar meat."

The Formosan brown bear is excellent eating; its chief food being wild honey and sweet grass.

The Tai-Waunese ate and ate until their stomachs resembled brown globes, after which they returned thanks—the one called by Sassy "Brother Beecher" making an oration which lasted over two hours, and would have continued longer, had not Sam stopped him with:

"Hunki-dori-doodle-um-day! That will do, Brother Beecher; we know all about it. Give us a rest!" after which the savage drew his arm across his greasy mouth, and, seizing a knife, once more attacked the toothsome meat.

Hank laughed, observing:

Yer didn't want no statement from Brother B.?"

Sassy smiled and replied:

"No; guess the old man has said enough!" then, winking at his chum, added, "You're thinking of the real H. W. B., eh?"

Ere his friend could reply they heard a loud crackling in the brushwood, and in another moment the female bear, furious at the loss of her mate, rushed into the group and, seizing Hank, made off up the mountain-side, carrying the boy as easily as a woman does a child.

Job gnashed his teeth, and started after the monster.

Springing to his feet, Sam grasped his rifle, when two half-grown cubs rushed at him and gave him all his work to do to defend himself.

The creatures were about the size of Newfoundland-

land dogs, very savage, and twice as limber and spry as the adult animals.

They went for our hero "teeth and claws," and in twenty minutes he had received as many nips and scratches, while the Tai-Waunners, filled to the throat with bear's meat, looked on but did not attempt to help him.

As he was about to give in from sheer exhaustion, the savage whom he had nick-named Beecher caught one of the bears by the hind limbs and held it until the chief cut the sinews, seeing which Sassy gathered together his remaining strength and finished the other cub.

It was some time ere Sam was able to go in pursuit of Hank, the fight having thoroughly exhausted him; meanwhile the Tai-Waunners improved the shining hour by cramming the crevices of their stomachs with bear meat.

After awhile our hero started in search of his chum, but could not find the slightest trail.

"Dern it," he muttered, as the sun sank below the horizon, "Hank and Job have both vanished. Yer kean't rub dat out!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

NEWS OF MARY'S WHEREABOUTS.

It was useless trying to follow an imaginary trail, so, giving over the search for the night, Sassy permitted his bear-meat-gorged followers to collect material for a fire, after which they stretched themselves out on the sward and slept the sleep of the glutton.

For over four hours Sam watched and watched, but, finally, tired nature overcame his anxiety for his chum, and he bowed his head and snored.

About nine o'clock the moon rose full and red, touching the trees into relief and throwing its flood of light into the depths of the forest.

Just then a mosquito settled on the end of Sam's nose and presenting its bill proceeded to bore for blood, feeling which the boy awoke and killed the intruder, muttering:

"I—thought—it—was—Hank's—voice!"

Scarcely had he composed himself again ere another sound broke upon his ear.

"Hey?" he ejaculated, rousing. "Hey?"

Faintly at first, but soon more distinctly, floated a song upon the still night air, the tune being that of "Hunki-Dori," the singer Hank Sumner, and the following the words:

"Ole Sassy is a hunki *Mei-jin*!
Hunki-dori-doodle-um-day!
When he goes for a ting he's bound ter win!
Hunki-dori—fool 'em, I say!"

CHORUS.

He's der boy as doesn't care a snap,
He's a regular Sassy, cheeky chap,
He hates a fraud, and goes for a sham,
He's a bully old chum is Sassy Sam!"

"Gol-dern—it!" grinned our hero, rubbing his sleepy eyes. "It is old Hank! I'll give him a line or two just to show him where I am!" with which he rose, and, clearing his voice, sang, by way of reply:

"Come right along, straight up this bank,
Hunki-dori-doodle-um day!
I'm glad to hear your voice, old Hank,
Hunki-dori-doodle-um-day!"

CHORUS.

You're the boy who doesn't care a snap,
You're a number one Kululu chap!
I speak my mind, and you know I'm frank,
When I says you're a bully chum!"

"'Rah!" cried the wanderer, emerging into the moonlight.

"'Rah!" shouted Sam. "Why, how did you get away from the bear, old stick?" with which he sprang forward and shook his friend warmly by the hand.

"Job did it," answered Hank. "He's a regular Jakey; he climbed up der bar's back and chewed his nose—but I tell yer der bar nearly wiped der ole man out—he got his paw on him once!"

"However did you contrive to fix him?" demanded Sassy, leading his chum back to the fire and taking Job on his knee.

"Well, yer see," said Hank, "the bar took it inter his head ter swaller my rifle—muzzle fust, so I jes' let him swol until he got a foot of it down his throat; then I pulled."

"And the bar?" inquired Sam.

"He let go," grinned the other. "He didn't like my pills; dey went through him too quick. He passed in his checks without a groan."

"Bully boy!" murmured the other; then, stroking Job, added: "You shall have a gold collar, old man."

"How did the Tai-Waunese behave?" inquired Hank, surveying the snoring savages.

Beecher came out a rouser and whacked

away a rum-un," said Sassy; "but Fifth Avenue and the rest of the crowd held back. Beecher's a comical name to give to Tai-Waunese—ain't it, old stick?"

"Der Beechers are a tough lot ter whip," muttered Hank, as he switched himself out by the fire, adding, dreamily: "Well, I don't see why we couldn't call the Tai-Waunese that as well as the old Cape-Town woman Queen Victoria. Beecher is a name as has made a good deal of noise."

"Yer-kean't—rub—dat—out!" murmured Sam, and in another instant both boys slept.

At daybreak Sam aroused the savages, and, unfurling his flag, recommenced his march, saying:

"Mary!"

The chief, who considered Hank's return as nothing out of the common, believing that no bear could seriously hurt a *Mei-jin*, gravely headed the procession, and soon the whole party was under way.

"Sass," observed his chum, "if yer finds Mary—"

"If!" sneered the other, choking his companion's sentence. "Of course I shall find her! Well, what then?"

"I want yer to leave me *here*!" said Hank; "yer mashed wid Mary, I wid der Tai-Waun gal. I must marry her, Sass!"

"Don't talk like a fool!" snapped Sam; "think of Jack and Loula! She was pooty once!"

"She was as homely as a battered base-ball afore she played out!" mused his chum.

Sassy smiled, saying:

"There's a pretty gal growing up for you at home, bubby. Don't you fret!"

"Miss Warde?" suggested Hank.

Sam laughed outright.

"I forgot," growled the other. "I'm not a great explerer, like yer, Sass. I'm only a Kew-low-law!"

"Yer kean't rub dat out!" said our hero. "It ain't *during the war now*—everybody ain't a colonel!"

Hank tried to look mad, but failed, so wisely gave it up.

Just then the chief halted, and, pointing to a temple they saw about four miles to the left, began a long speech about "Talealee."

"Suppose we sent ourselves while he blows off the steam!" whispered Sassy.

The boys rested, and Peter Cooper, as they called him, spoke for about an hour, when he wound up by desiring Beecher to say something, upon which Sam rose and observed:

"Talk enough! We don't want any more statements;" then turning to his chum, said: "Peter never once mentioned Mary in his speech. Come along, Hank, march, sonny! We'll keep right on, Nor-east."

"Mary! Talealee!" said the chief, pointing first to the temple and then ahead.

Sam was puzzled.

"Wish I could chin Tai-Waun!" he murmured.

"Mary may be here!"

Turning into a by-path, they began a toilsome march up hill, and, after walking some distance, encountered a number of natives who were better dressed than any they had hitherto-seen.

The chief called upon the advancing crowd to halt, and, on seeing the silver figures, they all obeyed, whereupon Sam served them as he had done their fellows, and treated the strangers to a tune; after this Peter Cooper asked them a number of questions, to all of which they replied with fear and trembling, saying: "Talealee."

"Mary?" nervously inquired Sam, as the chief concluded his examination.

Peter slowly held up two fingers, then said in a calm voice:

"Mary, Mary! Talealee!"

"Der bear's meat has made him hear double?" suggested Hank.

"Mary up there?" shouted Sassy, scarcely able to contain himself with delight.

The chief nodded and quickly replied:

"Mary, Mary! Talealee!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SASSY NAMES THE SOO TEMPLE "THE COOPER INSTITUTE."

As our boys neared the temple they met and passed a great number of Tai-Waunese, who, after saluting the images, bowed before their chief, Peter Cooper.

"Der old man's number one on this reservation," said Hank. "Both him and Brother Beecher seem to be at home!"

"They must live somewhere!" answered Sam.

"I begin to understand these folks! Peter is chief here, and Mary has been in the place—on exhibition perhaps. He took her handkerchief to Loula as a present, just as we would, if a Tai-

Wauner landed in New York, regard his bow and arrows as curious, and send them to our friends!"

"Ye-a," mused his chum, "but if ever a Tai-Wauner did land on der Battery, the cops would run him in for being undressed, and he'd be sent up to der Island in a brace of shakes."

"You don't know our folks," grinned Sassy. "They'd like a bare-ribbed savage, and he'd be all the fashion. Our upper ten will shut their eyes to anything that's foreign!"

"Is dat so?" said Hank.

"You bet it is!" laughed Sam. "That's why our gals always gets mashed over dukes and lords."

While they were chatting they reached the ridge on which stood the temple, whereupon they rested for a few moments.

"Soo," said Peter Cooper; then pointing to a cluster of huts behind the building, placed his hand upon his head, adding: "Me soo!"

"What's he mean?" inquired Hank.

"Blamed if I can make out!" laughed Sam. "unless it is that he's only so-so."

"Soo-soo!" observed the Tai-Wauner they had named Beecher. "Soo-soo!" pointing first to Peter Cooper, and then to the shanties.

"Ah! stow it," smiled our hero. "You ain't all of you only so-so, Brother Beecher."

Just then the savage they called Grant spoke, saying:

"Soo-soo—he," pointing to Peter Cooper—"soo—he," pointing to the temple—"soo! Talealee-soo!"

Sassy winked at Hank, saying:

"When the President says anything it is worth listening to. All right, friends, we'll call this building the Cooper Institute; that sounds better than so-so."

Just then a crowd of women came forward and embraced the savages.

Among the party was the girl who had attracted Hank's attention at the obsequies of Loula.

"What's matter?" demanded Sassy, noticing that his chum fidgeted considerably.

"My mash!" said Hank. "See de one wid de long eyelashes? She's winking at me."

"You're a downright idiot!" snapped Sam.

"Here we are almost in sight of Mary, and you are sniffing and sniveling about a Tai-Wauner. Let us go up and see if we can find your sister."

Just then the chief halted his people, and motioned Sam that he wished to leave him.

"All right," said our hero. "Hunki-dori-doodle-um-day!"

But instead of going, they bowed their heads and held out their hands.

"I'll give them a tune," murmured Sassy, starting his box.

Still they didn't budge, and their hands remained extended.

"It's the old story," grinned Hank. "Der senators wants deir mileage—yer kean't rub dat out!"

By the side of the path stood a small stone hut, which had, a thousand years before, been built as a sentry-box.

Sam entered this, and while his chum kept guard outside, removed the metal-cased mirrors from their knapsacks and piled them in as many piles as there were people in the party who had guided them, making a double stack for Peter Cooper and Beecher, on account of their valuable services; then, when he had re strapped the knapsack, seated himself, and, starting his musical-box, called to the chief, and pointing to the first heap of mirrors, said:

"That's for you, Peter Cooper! Hunki dori-doodle-um-day!" The chief, who up to that time had been knocking his head on the ground and waiting for his fee, rose, entered his hut, collared his little pile, and bowing, backed out, making right off with his wife and family.

Hank's divinity, overcome by his persistent staring, retired with one of the Miss Coopers.

"She's gone!" murmured the boy, as Beecher entered the pay-room.

"Who?" nervously demanded Sam, thinking of Mary.

"My mash!" piteously replied his chum, "as der song says—she's gone from my gaze like a beautiful dream!"

"You're crazy!" snapped his friend, pointing out Beecher's pile.

The savage gathered up his treasure, and was about "to say a few words by way of improving the occasion," when Sassy stopped him with:

"Cheese it, Brother B., we know what you're going to say—we believe in you, old Beeswax; good-bye!" then, bowing the delighted orator out, cried to the crowd: "Next!"

It must not be imagined that Sam felt disinclined to see Mary—far from this—the fact was he wished to give her notice of his presence, and did not want to frighten the poor girl by popping upon her all of a sudden.

Unfortunately for Sassy, this consideration cost

him what he most dearly desired—the sight of his sweetheart.

Mary was alive and well, and was at that moment riding down the opposite side of the hill on which stood the Temple of Soo, otherwise "The Twin Mermaids."

"If I wait a little," thought her lover, "these folks will tell the people I am here. I'd be sorry to frighten Mary."

After awhile the savages were all rewarded and had vanished, leaving Sassy and Hank alone.

"Der senators have got der back pay an' salary grab," grinned Hank. "Say, Sassy, shall we drop in on Mary?"

"I'm all of a tremble," murmured our hero. "S'pose she ain't there!"

"You're weakening now," said his chum. "Bubby, ef Mary is here, I shall go for my mash—"

"You can go—" angrily began Sassy, intending to say something very unkind; but Hank stopped him by laughingly interposing with:

"All right, Old Stocking! Mind, I'll take yer at yer word—yer word's yer bond, yer know."

"Yer kean't rub dat out," said Sam, smiling at his companion's smartness. "Come, old man, let us face the music. March for the Cooper Institute!"

With the Stars and Stripes floating proudly overhead, and the music-box rattling off "America," Sassy and Hank marched upward until they reached the level on which stood "The Temple of the Twin Mermaids."

"My gracious!" cried Hank, as they came in sight of the building; "dere's nothing so-so about this, is dere?" but, on turning to his companion, noticed that he was too much excited to reply.

Springing up the broad flight of steps, Sassy shouted:

"Mary! Mary!"

"Ma-ry!" came back the echo from the deserted halls.

On the front slab of the altar, which was made of black marble, paneled with white, was written in pencil:

"MARY SUMNER,

MRS. MARY WARDE.

Lord, have mercy upon us."

"Mary! Mary!" cried the poor fellow; but the echo merely mocked him.

Mary and her companion were, by that time, far away.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HANK'S ADVENTURE AND ITS PUNISHMENTS.

"THE Cooper Institute" was ten times as large as the palace once occupied by Mrs. Handspike, and was furnished with four altars.

Sam rushed all over the building, every now and then stopping to gather some relic of his lost love.

"She's been here!" he cried. "See, Hank—this was her room—here's one of her hair-pins and a bit of her dress! I shall go mad if I don't find her!"

"Who's crazy now?" murmured his chum. "Anyhow, we know she is alive."

As they spoke, the last rays of the setting sun shone into the temple, and the inner walls, which were profusely carved and gilded, shone like golden honeycombs.

Poor Sam—all his hopes were dashed to the ground.

Sitting himself on the steps at the foot of the altar, he bowed his head in thought, while Hank, who now he had learned that his sister was alive, took things more philosophically, quietly slipped off and left his friend, murmuring:

"I'll see if I can come across some supper, and"—winking—"my mash."

Job nestled down by his master, as though endeavoring to comfort him, and Sassy absently stroked his favorite's head, whispering:

"Poor Job! You might as well have let the b'ar chaw me up."

After awhile, he quietly sank backward, and slept, like Jacob of old, with only a stone for his pillow.

Leaving Sam to dream of his sweetheart, we will follow his chum who, bent on finding the object of his choice, had started for the village of Soo.

"Here's a lark!" he muttered, as he entered the only street of the place. "Wonder where my mash hangs out?"

"Ahem!" coughed some one on the opposite side of the way, and glancing in the direction of the sound, he beheld the girl of his heart.

Now, spite of what Sam had said, the Tai-Waun was a beauty—not tall, by any means, but exquisitely formed, with lovely, dark-fringed, liquid eyes, a pair of most kissable, cherry lips,

and a sly look, which, had Sassy not been in love, would have turned even his heart. It was no wonder that Hank was what he graphically termed "mashed."

"Ahem!" once more signaled the young lady. "My gracious!" gasped the boy. "How my heart beats!"

He felt as nervous as a cat.

"Ah—em!" she coughed, as much as to say, "you're very deaf!"

Hank was too confused to reply in his usual sassy way, so he merely glanced at her, saying:

"Got der hoss disease, siss?"

It was lucky that the girl did not understand his language.

"A—he—m!" she once more signaled, at the same time looking so sweetly at him that, as he afterwards described, "he was knocked all of a heap."

Luckily no one was about, all the people being in the huts listening to the wonderful adventures of the chief and his party, so Hank plucked up courage, and, crossing the road, threw his left arm about the girl's slender waist, drew her towards him, and kissed her, saying:

"You're a hunki gal, bust me ef yer ain't!"

"Hunki-dori-doodle-um-day!" she murmured, repeating what she had heard the chief say was the prayer of the *Mei-jin*, then kissed him and hid her face in his bosom.

"Bully for you!" he cried, kissing her again. "Yer head's level, sissy!"

"Oh!" she ejaculated, endeavoring to release herself, but Hank held on to her and showered his kisses on her tempting lips.

After smacking away until he was tired, she looked slyly at him, saying:

"Mary?"

"She's my sister!" he answered. "My chum's mash! Savvey?" pointing towards the temple. "What's yer name, honey-bud?"

Just then an old woman came from an inner room of the hut, crying:

"Joo-lee! Joo-lee!"

"Se-oda!" (I'm coming), answered the girl, struggling to untwist Hank's arm.

"No!" he cried, "I've got yer now, my beauty, and I never leaves go agin until yer Mrs. Hank Sumner!"

Joo-lee, who was a spunky young woman, finding that her admirer would not release her, turned, dealt him a neat "back-hander" with the knuckles of her pretty hand, and, *mei-jin* as he was, dexterously tripped him and left him sprawling in the dust, verifying the Chinese proverb: "When the gods go courting they are no longer deities."

Hank scrambled to his feet, and after rubbing his nose murmured:

"Oh—you're hunk, Joe Lee! I do love a gal who has got some spunk in her!" saying which he started in pursuit, bursting into an apartment, in the midst of which squatted Fifth Avenue surrounded by an admiring group of friends.

The room was lighted in a peculiar way, by a bamboo which was forced several feet into the ground, thereby releasing the coal-gas from the earth: this, mixing with the air at the top of the pipe, flamed as steadily as a patent burner.

Fifth Avenue rose and grasped the hilt of his knife, but, upon recognizing Hank, murmured:

"Hunki-dori!" upon which the boy replied:

"Dat's my platform!" then looked round the room in search of Joe Lee.

At length he espied her, endeavoring to hide her face in her mother's garments.

"Come, my dear," he said, taking her by the hand. "Don't be bashful, Joe—I'll marry yer, and after we find Mary we can tote off a lump of gold from der temple, and set up in the Fifth avenue, New York!"

Fifth Avenue, whose Tai-Waunese name was Ko-a-lee, saw how matters stood at a glance. If his daughter married a *Mei-jin* she would be given a palace to live in, and instead of being the chief door-keeper of the Temple of the Twin Mermaids, his family would be raised to the highest rank in Tai-Waun.

"Get up, you little goose!" he said to her in their language. "If one of the deities refuses you go for the other!"

Joo-lee rose, placed her forefinger in her mouth, and bashfully observed in her native lingo:

"Oh—mi—Pa—! I do feel so dreadfully timid!"

"Give us a kiss?" urged Hank, being ignorant that the savages did not think it a correct proceeding.

"Goo—loong!" (oh, my!) she giggled.

"Bless yer," cried her admirer, drawing her towards him and giving her a rousing kiss. "I ain't going along never no more widout yer—I—"

"Stow that, Kululu!" cried a voice in the doorway, and in walked Sassy Sam, who, after

withering Hank with a look, observed: "You're a nice sort of a chum!" Then taking his knife from its sheath, ere his friend could release himself from the girl, severed the cord of the *Mei-jin* and removed it from about the boy's neck; seeing which Fifth Avenue withdrew Joo-lee from her lover's arms, saying:

"No-hea-Joo-lee!" (not for Julia!)

The old man was as anxious that his girl should marry a *Mei-jin* as a New England school-marm is to wed a minister, but he wasn't going to allow his daughter to unite herself with a plain Hank Sumner.

The boy saw this move, and turning piteously to his leader, growled:

"Yer've bin and busted my plans—dern yer, Sass!"

"You're a fool!" retorted our hero. "You can go with me or stay, just as you please; but until we see Mary I shall keep this *Mei-jin*! You don't amount to much without it, bubby? Yer kean't rub dat out!"

Hank looked about him, but the girl was gone, and he saw, by the brilliant light of the gas, that Sassy "meant biz."

"I chuck up der sponge!" he murmured, adding: "But, Sass, don't call me Hank or chum arter dis; call me Kew-low-low!"

Starting the musical-box at "Yankee Doodle," Sassy solemnly whistled an accompaniment, after which he motioned to Fifth Avenue that he would like something to eat.

In a few moments the women folks brought in baked yams, then the savages retired, leaving our boys monarchs of all they surveyed.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SASSY PRESIDES AT A REVIVAL MEETING, THEN MOUNTS HIS HORSE, AND SETS OUT IN SEARCH OF THE TWO MARYS.

HANK ate on silence, while Sassy fed Job and chuckled to himself.

At length the former boy said to the latter:

"I thought yer was asleep when I sloped off!"

"So I was," laughed Sam, "but I awoke when the man came to light the gas."

Hank glanced at the fire issuing from the end of the bamboo, then growled:

"Why—gol dern it—so it is! Do dey have gas here I wanter know?"

"Yes," said his companion. "They have—dozen copper pipes in the Cooper Institute. These tubes are sunk in the ground and plugged at the top, so when they want to light up the show, they pull out the plugs and claps in a bit of burning punk to the hole, when the gas catches fire."

"And nothing ter pay?" mused Hank, adding, with a laugh: "Now dat old Dutchman, my boss at der paint shop, used ter swear at der gas bills! He'd like this place!"

"He wouldn't get any lager here," grinned Sam. "Come, Hank, old chap, let us go back to the Cooper Institute; they're going to have a circus!" meaning that the Tai-Waunese were about to hold a revival meeting.

The boys finished the balance of the roots, then returned to the temple, the steps of which were crowded with worshippers.

"You go behind the altar with Job," whispered Sam. "It's no use fooling with these images. I am afraid as it is that the people are beginning to lose faith in them!"

"Don't you worry," said the other; "just give me back der masheen, an' yer'll see how the old thing works!"

But Sassy was firm.

As Hank vanished with the monkey, Sam mounted the altar, and, crossing his lower limbs, leaned back on the figures of the Twin Mermaids, then set his musical-box going.

That morning he had shifted the barrels, as he often did when tired of one set of tunes, so, upon starting the box, he found that he had all French airs.

The music pealed out right merrily, and evidently tickled the Tai-Waunese, who looked with rapt attention.

After giving them several airs, he moved the stop, and a dead silence ensued, whereupon a woman in the crowd started a wild chant, keeping tune with the palms of her hands, while one slapped on the marble steps, then another joined in, and a third, until the whole congregation were singing at the top of their voices.

"Dis beats Moody and Sankey, don't it?" said Hank, poking his face through the arm of one of the carved mermaids. "Say, Sass, I've made a haul!"

"If you don't *dise*," growled Sam, "I'll hit you over the nut with the cleaning rod! Yan'll spoil the circus."

"Pshaw!" continued the other, quickly withdrawing, for he knew that his chum always kept

his word. "They've got such a head of steam on that they won't get rid of it for some time. Say—I've got a—"

"Look here, Hank!" snarled our hero, ramming the intruder with the butt of his rifle, "if you don't drop it I'll come round and lick you—there!"

"Will yer, by thunder?" angrily returned Hank.

There is no telling what might have occurred had not the singers just then ceased, and the savage the boys nicknamed Brother Beecher commenced a pow-wow concerning Mary. Hearing which, Sam said:

"Cheese it, Hank! Brother B. is making a statement—listen. He can talk—yer kean't rub dat out!"

The savage was evidently a wit, for his audience alternately laughed and wept.

"Ain't he a bully old boy?" whispered Hank, regardless of his leader's caution.

"All the Beechers are!" smilingly answered Sam. "The name fits our man like an egg-shell does the meat."

"I don't believe he thinks much of der *Mei-jins*!" continued the other, determined to talk at any price. "See, he's imitating of yer, Sass?"

"He's smart!" laughed our hero. "Guess he's like we are; he preaches hunki-dori, and believes as much as he likes of it!" then yawning, added, "I'm tired, sonny! I'll take a nap!" with which he quietly unfolded his lower limbs, turned a somersault, landed on his hands and walked, head downwards, until he reached the back of the altar, where he resumed an upright position.

"Look here!" whispered his chum; "there's a big lump of gold here, just as there was in the other shebang!"

"I know it," said Sassy. "I saw it when the gas man lighted up," with which he threw himself upon the ground and was soon fast asleep.

The congregation kept it up until daybreak, then prepared to retire, thoroughly exhausted in body and refreshed in soul, Sam awaking and resuming his perch just in time to play them out of the building, after which the boys once more slumbered.

The sun was high in the heavens when they awoke, and the chief and several of the deacons were respectfully watching for them to rise.

After partaking of some roasted eggs, yams, and fruit, they were solemnly conducted to the northeast gateway of the temple, where they found a man mounted upon a pony and holding two others by their halters.

Peter Cooper pointed to the horseman, and holding up the two first fingers of his left hand, said:

"Mary, Mary!" after which he bowed toward the northeast, and said: "Talealee!"

Sam played the savages a farewell tune, and as they seemed to hanker after it, placed his foot upon their recumbent necks, murmuring the words they firmly believed were magic, and having thus humored them, unfurled his flag, mounted one of the ponies, and bade Hank follow.

Just then Joo-lee broke through the crowd, and, throwing her arms around her lover, sobbed:

"Bully——" but ere she could complete her sentence, she was torn from his arms, and spite of his entreaties, carried out of sight.

"Come!" cried Sassy. "I know it's hard, but we've wasted too much time anyhow—yer kean't rub dat out!" and away they trotted in pursuit of the two Marys.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

IN WHICH THE READER LEARNS SOMETHING OF MARY.

LEAVING our boys riding in the direction taken by the ladies, we will briefly describe the latter's adventure since the wreck of the *State House*.

The main part of the wreck, including the passenger's cabin, was carried down the coast and tossed high and dry on a sandy beach, fifty miles below Nan-ta-ki.

It was dark when they landed, and Mary Sumner had great difficulty in inducing her companion to climb the rocks, Mrs. Warde having given up all hope and made up her mind to die.

"Come, ma'am," observed Mary. "While there's a chance, there's hope; you mustn't lie down to it!"

"The savages!" moaned the lady.

Mary shuddered, then said:

"Well, we must trust to Heaven; but, as my Sam says, it is rough—you kean't rub dat out!"

"You'll never see your Sam again!" groaned her companion.

"Nonsense!" ejaculated the brave girl. "I wish I was as sure of my supper as I am of seeing Sassy?"

"In heaven!" said her mistress, sadly.

"No; I guess our first meeting will be here," laughingly returned Mary. "I don't mean on this beach, but on this island! Sam will come in search of me as sure as I'm alive," saying which she assisted Mrs. Warde up the rocks, and they soon reached a level spot, where they slept until the morning, when, on awakening, they found themselves surrounded by the Tai-Waunese.

"Oh, Mary!" gasped Mrs. Warde, "our time has come!"

"Hush!" whispered the girl. "Don't let them see that you are afraid. They won't hurt us."

The tribe who had discovered the wrecked ladies was the most powerful in Tai-Waun, and was noted for the cruel way which it tortured those who were cast upon the coast.

The chief, the Talealee, or head of the tribe, was a big, powerful wretch, as superstitious as he was cruel, and, if report was true, was in the habit of eating human flesh.

Brutal to a degree, he aimed at governing all Tai-Waun, and to this end had married the daughter of Loala, who had raised him to the rank of chief of the island, and who aided him in his cruelties with regard to shipwrecked persons.

It will be understood from this that the stories with regard to the Tai-Waunese were not altogether fabrications.

On discovering Mary and her companion, the savages had sent for their chief, who arrived on the scene just as the ladies awoke.

This was the Talealee, to whom Peter Cooper had so often referred.

He was an enormous man, and, in lieu of the black locks of his race, had flaming-red, curling hair, while his beard and mustache were of the same brilliant color, which, added to a rich scarlet breech-cloth and a sort of cloak made of cloth of gold, gave him a most ferocious appearance, while, suspended from his neck, by heavy gold chains—plundered from the bodies of shipwrecked Chinese—were a dozen swords and knives, which, resting upon his hips, jingled at every step he took.

Advancing into the center of the ring, the brute was about to draw his sword and dispatch the captives, when, noticing Mary's beauty, he drew back crying:

"*Mei-jin*!" (Mermaids.)

It was a law in Tai-Waun that none but the Talealee should speak the sacred words, *Mei-jin*, which was the reason why our boys had never heard it used. In addition to this, the Talealee was only allowed one wife, a matter about which the Tai-Waunese were most strict.

The chief bowed before Mary, then rising, took her hand and led her to his hut, where he placed the girl and her companion in charge of his wife, a rather pretty but sickly woman, the daughter of Jack Handspike.

From that day he ceased to care for his old pastime of killing shipwrecked mariners, and gradually became desperately in love with Mary, whom, but for fear of Loala, he would have married right away.

Although an old woman, Mrs. Handspike was greatly feared, she having an uncomfortable knack of slicing off the nose or ears of any one who offended her; so even the great Talealee did not dare to annoy her.

As soon as the wrecking season was over, the chief gathered his tribe together, and mounting his pony, headed for his palace, the Temple of the Blue Mermaid, which was the most beautiful in Tai-Waun.

Only those allied by marriage to the gods were allowed to live in these buildings, and the Talealee merely occupied the Blue Temple in right of his wife.

Lodging Mary, whose name he soon learned, with her companion in the eastern wing of the building, he placed his wife in the left apartments, and, abandoning her, began to make desperate love to Mary Sumner.

As soon as the sun rose, he would take his *Tingadee*—a two-stringed musical instrument, made by stretching two wires over the mouths of three gourds, held something like a banjo—and seating himself on a stone bench beneath the wall of her apartment, would play and sing in a melancholy voice:

"Ting a-dee, mi-je-dee!
Ting-a-dee! Ting-a-dee!
Ting-a-dee—oh, Mar-ee!
Tinga-dinga-dee!"

"I'd like to throw some hot water over him!" Mary would say, as he sat, hour after hour, singing this ditty and casting sheep's eyes up at her.

Under any other circumstances, the Talealee would not have hesitated for a second, and Mary would long before have been compelled to accept

him as her husband; but he dreaded the anger of Loala—in other words, was afraid of his mother-in-law.

"Oh!" moaned Mrs. Colonel Warde, "I wish that man would go and play somewhere else; he's a perfect nuisance!"

"You cannot rub that out!" laughingly answered Mary, adding: "Sassy will make him *ting-a-dee* when he comes this way!"

"Sassy!" snapped the lady; "he'll never trouble about you! My husband may induce the U. S. Government to send an expedition to our rescue, but it is perfectly ridiculous for you to talk about that bootblack as you do!"

Mary bit her lips, then smiled, for she pitied her companion, and replied:

"You don't know my Sassy! If he hears of the wreck, he'll come in search of me as sure as fate! He's a brave fellow is my Sam!"

Although prisoners among the savages, the ladies were tolerably well treated, and had nothing but the *ting-a-dee* player to complain of. Mrs. Colonel Warde hugged herself with a belief that her husband would induce the United States Government to free her from her captivity, and Mary comforted herself with the idea that sooner or later she would be rescued by Sassy Sam.

At length the Talealee became so desperately in love that he endeavored to poison his wife in order to be free to marry Mary; but the lady, suspecting him, gave the drink to a dog, causing the animal's death. Consulting the chief, Peter Cooper, she dispatched him, with Mary's handkerchief, to her mother, with instructions to tell the old lady all the story; on hearing which Loala flew into a rage and went for her attendants in the manner described in Chapter twenty-seven, and hence it was that Peter knew all about Mary.

Upon discovering what his wife had done, the Talealee became furious, and started with all his crowd for Loala's palace, intending to bluff her. Resting on his way at the Temple of the Twin Mermaids, or Cooper Institute, as Sam called it, he received the news that his mother-in-law was dead, and that two *Mei-jins*, in search of his prisoners, were advancing towards the building, which information sent him into a towering rage.

"Curse them!" he cried in Tai-Waun. "If they shall receive Mary, I will kill her and eat her heart!"

While Sam was pausing out of consideration for his sweetheart's feelings, the Talealee was hurrying on towards a cave on the other side of the mountain.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE MEETING OF OUR LOVERS.

THE tribe of savages ruled by Peter Cooder had no love for the Talealee, and the guide they sent with Sam and Hank was promised twenty circular looking-glasses, if he brought back the head of the tyrant.

Sassy's delay had served two purposes—made him popular with the Cooperites and rested him.

He felt that the hour of victory or death was at hand, and was nerving himself for the conflict.

"Hank," he observed, "I believe that Talealee is the name of some big chief who has got Mary and Mrs. Colonel Warde in his power."

"Never thought of that afore," mused his chum.

As he said this their guide reined in his pony, and, stopping, picked a book from the ground, then, bowing, handed it to Sam.

"Mary's!" simultaneously cried the lads.

Opening the first leaf, Sassy tried to read something penciled inside, but the tears blinded his eyes.

Checking his steed, he conquered his emotion, then read aloud:

"TO OUR PURSUERS:—We are safe at present, but, for Heaven's sake, press forward. If you overtake us, the Talealee means to sacrifice us, so advance surely but cautiously. We camped here last night.

MARY SUMNER,

MARY WARDE,

American ladies in the hands of savages."

When Hank heard this, he gave his pony a lick that caused the animal to rear, tuck, and send him flying; landing him on his back in a puddle, and knocking the breath clean out of his body.

"Serves you right," said his chum, glancing through the book—a small volume of songs—and adding: "Yes; this was poor Mary's."

Hank scrambled to his feet and remounted, after which they started at a gallop.

On reaching the brow of a hill, they found themselves on the summit of the Tai-Waun range, or what we would term, on the divide,

Up to that moment they had been ascending at every step, now their route lay downward.

Below them, in the valley, they could see the party, headed by the Talealee.

Sassy unslung his telescope, and, for the first time since the day he saw her on board the outward-bound steamer, beheld the face of his beloved Mary, who, with her hands bound, was seated on the pony before the gigantic savage, whose right arm encircled her shrinking form.

The hot blood mounted to his brow, and he would have used his rifle, but feared that he might wound his sweetheart.

Handing the glass to Hank, he started at a break-neck pace, followed by his chum and the guide; the ponies leaping obstacles like goats, and almost flying down the mountain side.

At the first plateau they beheld a sight that made their blood curdle.

The chief's wife, and over forty young women, her attendants, lay, in horrible confusion—murdered; their assassin being the Talealee.

Scattered about, grazing peacefully among the tall grass, were a number of ponies.

Securing two of these, and leaving their guide in charge of their knapsacks, Sassy, with heated visage, once more renewed the chase.

His lips were compressed, his teeth set, and his nostrils dilated with anger, while Hank's eyes gleamed like those of a tiger.

On they flew, their steeds feeling it was useless to resist such frantic riders.

After half-an-hour's ride they came across a body lying on the path.

It was Mrs. Colonel Warde, bleeding from a slight wound in the neck.

The Talealee had been in such haste that he had not completed his work.

"Stay by her!" shouted Sam, tossing Job to him; "I can fix that skunk ahead!" and on he dashed, leaping his pony over the prostrate body and urging the animal to renewed efforts.

At length a turn in the path brought him in sight of the chief, who was riding furiously to the left, while his men were taking another track.

Halting, until the latter were out of sight, Sam advanced cautiously.

Noticing that the chief's pony was beginning to go lame, our hero dismounted, secured his steed, and crept forward on foot.

Suddenly, on reaching a bend in the pathway, the Talealee vanished as though he had sunk into the ground.

But, a moment previously, Sam had noted the pony's fatigue—now animal, man and lady had disappeared.

Moving swiftly forward, Sam presently came to the entrance of a cave, and saw, by the marks on the soil, that the chief had ridden down the incline.

Without a moment's hesitation he followed at a "double," the cavern being lighted by some ragged fissures overhead, and the soft earth deadening the noise of his footfall.

As he advanced he heard a muffled cry, and then the voice of the chief speaking rapidly.

Drawing his revolver he rushed along the mossy floor, the sound of a furious struggle within growing louder and louder at every step he took.

At length he arrived at the entrance of an inner cavern, lighted from the far end by a jagged opening, through which streamed the rays of the midday sun.

The Talealee—besmeared with blood—was dancing around his victim, while at a little distance to the left lay the pony, stabbed to the heart.

In quitting the world the savage meant to exterminate every living thing within his reach.

As Sam entered the main cavern the Talealee caught Mary in his arms, when our hero sprang forward, tore her from his embrace, and leveling his revolver, fired its contents into the body of the wretch, killing him instantly.

Then, turning to the girl, cried:

"Mary!" and raising her from the ground gazed sorrowfully upon her.

But the poor girl could not reply.

For a while he feared that the shock had killed her, but in a little time she began to revive, whereupon he tenderly kissed her lips, saying:

"Sam's here, my darling! Yer kean't rub dat out!"

At length she recovered sufficiently to open her eyes, but, in lieu of showing joy, began to cry hysterically.

"Derned funny!" he murmured, never having seen a woman in that pitiful state.

After weeping for some time she broke out into violent fits of laughter, which puzzled Sassy worse than her crying spell.

"She don't know me from Adam!" he murmured, as she rocked herself to and fro, laughing as though she would never cease, yet with a face so pitiful that his heart ached at the sight.

Unslung his box he tumbled out the cartridges, beneath which were hidden a tin of blacking and his brushes; then, placing his "trustful friend" before the poor girl, reverently lifted her right foot to the rest, and kneeling before her, glanced lovingly up, saying:

"Clean yer pretty little number ones, Mary—give 'em a New York polish?" when she ceased laughing, and placing her right hand upon his shoulder, dreamily said:

"Is—that—you—dear Sassy?"

In another minute she was folded to his heart.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

EXPLANATIONS ALL ROUND.

For some moments neither Sassy nor Mary could utter another word.

After a while Sam whispered:

"My darling, I'm so glad to see you!"

"Dear Sassy!" she murmured, "I've had such an awful fright! You love me, don't you, Sam?"

"Yer kean't rub dat out!" fervently returned our hero. "Don't tremble so, dear Mary!"

"But the Talealee!" she said, glancing nervously around.

"Has passed in his tally," grinned Sassy. "Don't you be afraid, my love; Sam's here, and what's more, he's got *Mei-jins*!"

"You haven't taken to drinking gin, have you, dear?" she inquired.

"No," smiled Sassy, "mine isn't a popular drink, it's a figure!" with which he exhibited his own and Hank's *Mei-jins*.

"Wonderful!" she murmured. "You do beat all, Sam?"

"Come, Mary?" he observed, "suppose we rejoin Mrs. Colonel Warde?"

"The Talealee killed her!" answered the girl, shuddering.

"Not much!" laughed her lover. "I left her with Hank!"

"Hank?" ejaculated Mary, "Hank who?"

"Your brother!" smilingly replied Sassy, adding in a grave voice; "He's my Kululu! Mind, Mary, he isn't to be called Hank any more, he's smashed on a gal named Joe Lee, and don't want to go back to the States!"

"Poor Hank!" smiled the girl, who knew that Sam was fond of joking. "I never expected to see him again!"

Hand in hand they quitted the cavern. Mary proud of the brave boy who, for love of her, had faced every danger, and Sassy feeling happier than a king in once more beholding the face of the idol of his heart.

"You've grown so handsome, dear!" she observed, as they emerged into the daylight.

"You have!" he said, admiringly. "Yer kean't rub dat out!"

"Say that again?" she pleaded—meaning his pet phrase.

"You've grown so handsome, Mary!" he merrily replied.

"I didn't mean that!" she said. "I wanted to hear you say—yer can't rub dat out!"

"I'd like to know why all the girls admire to hear me say that?" laughed Sassy.

"What girls?" quickly inquired his companion.

"Nothing!" said our hero. "That is—I wasn't mashed on her!" with which he pulled forth the locket sent him by Miss Warde, and, handing it to Mary, rapidly related the kindness he had received from the family, whereupon the girl's anxiety vanished.

"Read the inscription!" he observed.

Mary did so, remarking:

"That is so, Sassy dear! They were true friends. Yer kean't rub that out!"

Just then Job came running towards them uttering a cry of pleasure.

"Oh!" screamed Mary, "what is that, Sam? Oh! Sam!"

"It's only my friend Job Centennial!" laughed her lover, lifting the monkey from the ground. "He's saved my life and old Hank's, and he's a bully boy!"

Job snuggled down in Sam's bosom, chuckling and blinking at Mary as though saying:

"Yer kean't rub that out!"

Upon reaching the place where Sassy had left his pony, he unfastened the animal, lifted Mary upon its back, and resumed his return march.

The road being all up hill, it took some time to reach Hank and Mrs. Colonel Warde.

On their way Sam briefly related his adventures since parting from his sweetheart, and informed her of the colonel's second marriage.

"She'll be real mad!" said Mary. "If the second wife had not died, Mrs. Warde would have been a she Enoch Arden."

"Give it up!" grinned Sassy. "Sheno Marden, that beats the Tai-Waun lingo!"

His sweetheart explained who Enoch Arden

was, and he listened quite attentively, then when she had ended, observed:

"It was rough on poor Enoch, yer kean't rub dat out!"

Just then they heard a shout ahead, and looking up, beheld Hank, who came galloping down the pathway, yelling:

"Rah! Found her! Bully for yer, Sassy! Where's der Tally-hally? Rah—rah—ra—ra—ra—h!"

In a few moments Hank had his arms around his sister, and was smothering her with kisses.

After a pause he turned to Sam, saying:

"Give me der ole *Mei-jin* now, Sassy!"

"Here it is!" answered our hero, returning him his image.

"Yer know what yer promised? I'm going ter settle here an' marry Joe Lee!" murmured his chum.

Sam laughed, and said:

"I'm so happy myself that I cannot be hard on you, old stocking! Is Mrs. Colonel Warde all right?"

"Ye-a," grinned Hank. "She cut up rather rough when I told her about der colonel gettin' hitched to der high-toned Bosting lady; but—when I 'formed her about der poor woman's death she cried awful—said she was a great friend of hers, etceterur, etceterur. Blamed if der women ain't funny, dey licks me!"

"Oh, Kululu, how could you do such a thing!" laughed his sister.

"Bin tellin' Mary of my mash?" he whispered to Sam. "Don't yer hear, she called me Kew-law-lew?"

"Welcome, Mr. Sumner!" said Mrs. Colonel Warde, as they came into sight of that lady, who was seated on the roadside mending her overskirt. "Glad to see you!"

"Glad to see you, ma'am!" said Sassy. "Yer kean't rub dat out!"

"I'll go and fetch a fresh lot of ponies!" observed Hank.

"You'll return to der Cooper Institute, won't you, Sassy?"

Sam smiled one of his old time smiles, then demanded:

"Why should we go back to the Cooper, old man?"

Hank scratched his head.

"Don't tease him, poor fellow!" pleaded Mary. "He wants to see Joe-lee!"

"Yer know how it is yerself, yer do, sies!" murmured her brother, adding in a whisper: "Say yer wanten go back, Mary, and der biz is fixed! I'd like Sassy to marry me to der angel!"

"Sassy, dear," she pleaded, "won't you go back to the Cooper Institute to please me?"

"Of course I will!" he said. "Your word is my law, Mary—yer kean't rub dat out!"

Hank sprang upon his pony, and was soon out of sight.

"So the colonel thought I was dead, hey, Mr. Sumner?" began Mrs. Warde.

"Yes, ma'am," said Sassy. "He fretted for you dreadfully, and became a mere skeleton; came down to this island and cruised round, but everybody said you were drowned."

"He married again, I hear?" the lady continued, looking anything but pleased as she spoke.

Sam winked at Mary, who vainly tried to stop him from speaking, then replied, in a serious voice:

"Poor fellow—yes, he was dragged into being married for a little while—regular shanghai'd, ma'am—but he led the life of a kitten in a small family! She was an awful Tartar, she was, ma'am! She made him wish he was dead sixty times an hour!"

A satisfied smile overspread the lady's countenance, and she quietly remarked:

"Well, I'll forgive him; he has been well punished."

"Yes," murmured Sassy, winking merrily at his sweetheart, "he caught it hot and heavy, ma'am. Yer kean't rub dat out!"

CHAPTER XL.

A HALT AND A TALK BY THE WAY.

HANK soon returned with fresh ponies, and the Tai-Waun guide, who, on being informed, in pantomime, that the Talealee was dead, refused to budge an inch on the back track, until he had seen the body.

He stood like a mule, perfectly motionless, closing his eyes to the *Mei-jin*, as a youthful sinner does after missing his attendance at Sunday-school, at the sight of his beloved teacher.

"Let him go," said Sassy; "we can find the way back."

In vain Hank tried to make this man open his peepers and take a squint at the sacred image, as the boy said:

"Der rooster wouldn't; derned if he would!"

so, finally, he raised his foot and delivered a "propeller," sending the guide several yards down the hill, after which the man mounted one of the ponies, and galloped out of sight in the direction of the cave.

He was smart and wanted "to earn a little something," by the Talealee's death.

Remounting the party retraced their steps, but in making a detour, in order to save the ladies the sight of the murdered victims of their late captor's rage, they became bewildered and lost their way.

"Don't der paths criss-cross awful?" observed Hank.

"I vote that we turn back," said Sam; but after riding over two hours, they found themselves near a hut, upon reaching which they discovered a Tai-Waun shepherd and his wife, who were taking their evening meal.

Noticing the silver figures about our boys' necks, the savages knelt and bowed in the dust, whereupon Hank placed his foot upon their heads, and, to the amusement of Mary, repeated the magic words, "Hunki-dori!"

"What is that for?" she inquired. "What good does it do?"

Hank grinned, then replied:

"It comforts der cusses."

"But they don't understand it," continued his sister.

"Dat's just why we does it," he answered. "If der jockies knowed what it meant dey wouldn't tink anything of it; it's der mystery dat knocks 'em—yer kean't rub dat out!"

"I see," said the girl.

Motioning to the shepherd that he was hungry, Sam started the musical-box.

The air proved to be "Mary of Argyle," and it sent a peculiar thrill through Sassy's heart.

"Do you know that tune, Mary dear?" he whispered. "When I last listened to that song, I little thought that the next time I heard it I should be by your side."

Then he told her about Miss Lillian singing it, and how strangely the words had affected him.

"They gave me a lump in the throat," he said.

"I felt knocked all of a heap."

"You must be dreadfully in love," she slyly murmured.

"Yes," he answered, giving her a quiet kiss, when no one was looking. "I am mashed on you, Mary; yer kean't rub that out."

In a short time the shepherd and his wife returned with some baked yams and a basket of fruit.

"Why, dey are apples!" cried Hank, and sure enough they proved to be what he said.

Up in the mountains of Tai-Waun are to be found the apple, pear, apricot, peach and nectarine, growing wild—a legacy left to the savages by the Dutch.

After partaking of this frugal meal they chatted for awhile.

"What made you write your names on the altar of the Cooper Institute?" inquired Sam, placing his arms about his idol. "Did you know we were coming after you?"

"The Talealee was so mad," replied Mary.

"We heard him swear, and the messenger point to us and hold up two fingers. I hoped it was you, Sassy, but did not like to write more, for fear I might be mistaken."

"Why did you pencil in this book?" he asked.

"We felt sure that we were pursued," she said, "and knew that the chief meant to kill some one. He cut himself twice on the chest when we started—he always did that before killing his victims,"—here she shuddered; "so I wrote what I did, and dropped the book in the track."

Just then Job, who had been examining the premises, came into the hut and, seating himself, scratched his tail-stump, at the same time making a grimace at Sam, as much as to say:

"You're all right now—Sass!"

"Isn't he cunning?" said Mary, enticing him to her with an apple. "Why, Sam, where's his tail?"

"That's what he wants to know!" laughed our hero—then, in his droll way, related the particulars of the monkey's sad loss.

"He's a comical old dear!" laughed the girl.

"Yea," said Sam, "I'm going to have a silver cap made for his tail, so the flies won't worry him—he's worth being silver-mounted!"

"So you never quite gave up the idea of finding me, Sassy!"

"Only once," he saucily answered.

"What do you mean by that, Mr. Impudence?" demanded Mary.

Sam looked at her merrily, then said:

"Well, when I met your future husband, Dick Tuttle, I did think about giving up my search."

"Is he saved?" asked Mrs. Colonel Warde.

"Why, Mary, didn't I say it was Mr. Tuttle who was on that piece of the wreck?"

"Yes, ma'am," smilingly replied the girl.

"You said that he would drown, but I told you there was no fear of it, as he was too full of whiskey, and would not swallow a drop of water, even if soaked in it."

"Yer don't seem ter have a very high opinion of Dick," said her brother.

"No, I haven't," said Mary, decisively. "I detest drunkards; they're almost worse than the Talealee."

"Yer kean't rub dat out!" slyly remarked Sassy.

"No!" quickly returned his sweetheart, "but I can tell you what you can rub out, Sam!"

"What's that?" uneasily inquired our hero, who saw that Mary was hurt by his insinuation with regard to Dick Tuttle.

She quietly returned: "It was bad enough for me to have to listen to his offers without being told of them! Rub all recollection of Dick out of your mind, Sassy, as I have done!"

"Come, Mary!" said Sam, who felt ashamed, "I didn't mean to make you angry. Forgive me."

"I'd forgive you anything but your doubting my love for you, Sassy," she said, placing her hand in his. "But there—I know that you were only joking!"

"Lover's quarrels!" whispered Mrs. Colonel Warde to Hank, upon which the latter placed his mouth close to her ear and murmured:

"Yer kean't rub dat out, lady!"

After a delighted chat, during which they talked over their various adventures, the boys retired, leaving the ladies in possession of the hut.

"I'll keep watch until twelve o'clock," said Sam, "and you can relieve me then. I'll take sentry from four until eight, to-morrow morning."

"Sass," laughed his chum, as our hero retired to the shelter of a neighboring shed, "der counsel said dat after entering dese hills we should never see a second sunrise! He knowed all about it, didn't he—over der left?"

"Yes," smilingly replied Sassy. "Yer kean't rub dat out!"

CHAPTER LXI.

IN WHICH HANK TAKES A NEW DEPARTURE AND A LIFE PARTNER.

THAT night our boys kept watch and ward over the ladies, and the next morning when Mary and her companion awoke, they found a rude breakfast spread out upon a stone that stood in front of the hut.

"What wonderful things these silver images are," grandly observed Mrs. Colonel Warde. "They are like the magic rings in the fairy tales—you rub them, and lo, a slave appears, ready to do your behest."

Hank, to whom this speech was addressed, looked at her in a puzzled fashion, then said:

"Yer bet we do, lady. We takes a lemon an' rubs 'em, and den dey shines like a pair of well-polished butes. We does our best as yer sez—yer kean't rub dat out."

"Oh, Hank," laughed Mary, "how stupid you are. Mrs. Warde does not mean that. She—"

"Nuf said," growled her brother. "I know I'm a kew-el-er. Yer needn't tell me I ain't as smart as Sassy Sam."

"Hurrah!" cried our hero, who had been feeding the ponies. "The right track is close by!"

After giving the shepherd a tune, by way of settling the board-bill, Sassy uttered the word "march!" and soon they were on their way to the Temple of the Twin Mermaids, otherwise to Cooper Institute, which they reached by noon.

The building was filled with Tai-Waunese, while on the altar were Sam's "trusty friend" and brushes, and the gory head of the Talealee.

Their guide had returned and secured the prizes.

Leaving Mary and her companion behind the altar, Sassy advanced to the top of the grand flight of steps, then, raising his hands, pointed to the bloody head, saying:

"Hunki-dori-doodle-um-day!" after which he lifted the ghastly trophy from its resting-place, and beckoning to Peter Cooper, said:

"Take this out of the institute and bury it."

The chief received the head, bowed solemnly, descended the steps, and placed it on a frame, similar to the one he had used in Laola's obsequies.

"What is he going to do with that horrid thing?" inquired Mrs. Colonel Warde, who could not resist a desire to witness all that was going on.

"Dey're going ter smoke it," grinned Hank.

First one and then another chief rose and joined Peter Cooper, and presently they built a big bonfire about the trophy.

"I was wrong!" muttered Hank to the lady.

"Der jockies don't eat red-haired people!"

Just then the Tai-Waun women, who were

still kneeling, began a wild chant, the funeral song of their race.

As the flames burst forth they sang louder and louder, until they fairly screamed:

"Ta-le-alee
Oh-lo-a-lee
To-shi-o-chee
No-mi-a-hee."

"Ain't it heartrending?" said the boy to his sister.

When the funeral pile was at a red heat, the savages danced about it, until the women grew too hoarse to utter another squeak, whereupon the chiefs kicked out the embers with their feet and marched four abreast up the grand stairs, shouting:

"Sassee—Talealee!"

Sam understood that they wished to make him their head chief, so beckoning to Hank, he took his hand, and presenting him to the deputation, said:

"Feller citizens! I'm spoke for! In future I shall retire from public life in this section, but shall always have a pleasant remembrance of you and your kindness. You don't feed very high and you don't wear too many clothes, but, taking you altogether, you're not a bad crowd!"

"Yer keant rub dat out!" murmured Hank, who just then spied Joo-lee among the audience.

"Stow it!" said Sassy, giving him a dig with his elbow, and starting the musical box at "Hail Columbia."

The savages listened with rapt attention, for they believed the gods were speaking.

When the tune ended Sam stopped the instrument, then, unfurling the Stars and Stripes, handed them to Hank, and pointing to the latter's silver image, turned to the chiefs, saying:

"Joe Lee!"

"Joo-lee!" they cried.

The pretty girl tottered forward and ascended the steps, Hank rushing towards her; and, as they met, catching her in his arms and giving her a hug, at the same time shouting:

"Keno!"

"Keno!" cried the chiefs, who thought it the correct thing to learn the language of the gods.

"Come forward, ladies," said Sassy to Mary and her companion.

The pretty girl complied—Mrs. Colonel Warde following her as though half afraid.

"Hold the flag, honey," said Sam.

His sweetheart did as he requested, whereupon Sassy bade Hank and Joo-lee kneel and repeat after him:

"I take thee, Hank, (or Joo-lee) to be my partner in life for richer or poorer, for better or worse, swearing to love you always by the Stars and Stripes and the Heaven above me."

Hank uttered these words in a clear voice and Joo-lee softly echoed them.

"Now, old chum," said our hero, "you've got the girl of your heart, teach her English and try to stop her people from killing shipwrecked sailors who are thrown upon this coast. Be sober; don't use tobacco or foul language; instruct these savages that there is a true God, and tell them that the United States of America is the grandest, finest, biggest country in all creation; be good, old ship, and you'll be happy."

Hank and his bride listened to this with serious faces, then, when Sam had concluded, the newly married man solemnly observed:

"Yer kean't rub dat out!"

Sassy kissed Mrs. Hank, who, spite of her color, blushed and cast down her eyes as modestly as one of our own ladies would do under similar circumstances, after which Mary embraced her and called her sister.

"Kululu!" whispered our hero, "come behind the altar!" His chum followed him and, when they reached the recess, Sam loosened his jumper, unfastened the musical-box and handed it and the belt, in which it was worn, to his friend, saying:

"When Stanley quits Africa for good, Kululu will be some pumpkins on that reservation! Take it, old boy, it's the best wedding present I can give you! Now come along and I'll introduce you to your constituents!"

By this time the savages were crowding in a body about the foot of the altar.

Emerging from the recess, Sam took Hank with his right and Joo-lee with his left hand and presented them to the Tai-Waunese, saying:

"Hank—Talealee!"

A roar of delight burst from the assembly.

When all was quiet again, Hank started his box at "Yankee Doodle," then solemnly uttered the magic word:

"Keno!"

"Keno!" roared the crowd, headed by Brother

Beecher, after which they advanced in rows and were stepped upon by Hank, who took to the Talealee business right away.

When the ceremony was over, the chief presented our boys with some Chinese cakes and a bottle which they obtained in trade from the camphor-gatherers, then quitted the temple in a body.

The bottle was carefully wrapped in several folds of newspapers and had evidently been some time in the possession of the savages.

"Ber'bin," said Hank, tearing off the coverings.

"Rye," suggested Sam.

Off came the last paper and they saw that the cork was covered with tin-foil.

"It's champagne," said Mrs. Colonel Warde. "I know it so well because we never drank anything else at home."

They cautiously removed the foil, but the cork would not fly, so Hank drew it with his teeth—smelt the contents, and said:

"Keno! Will yer try a drink, lady? It's black ink."

"Hank," observed Sassy, "I have determined to go to Tam-Sui, which Mary says lies to the north-east over there on the other side of the mountain—so will bid you adieu and start right away. You'll stay here of course?"

Hank looked at the pretty girl by his side, then said:

"Ye-a, I ray-ther believe I will. Joo-lee's mine now—yer kean't rub dat out."

CHAPTER XLII.

OUR HERO IS HAPPY—"YER KEAN'T RUB DAT OUT."

THE newly-married pair rode some distance on the way with Sam and the ladies, but, finally, the moment of parting arrived.

"Good-bye, Hank dear!" sobbed Mary. "I'm sorry you've made up your mind to stay!"

"Oh, don't yer fret, sister!" he said. "I'm going ter be der Tally-ally, yer knew! As dey says when a feller passes in his checks, I shall be better off! It's a deal nicer den bumming round New York wid extrees an' der shine-'em box."

"By the way, where's my trusty friend?" inquired Sam.

"On der altar in der Cooper Institute!" grinned Hank. "I want yer ver leave dem fur reiles."

Sassy gave his future brother-in-law his revolver and all the clothes he could spare, then wrung his hand, and, after kissing Jee-lee, who cried because Mary and Mrs. Warde were in tears, started for Tam-Sui.

"Good-bye!" said Mary. "Be a good husband, Hank!"

"Good-bye, sister!" shouted the adventurous scamp, and soon the mists of fast gathering night hid the parties from one another; the Talealee's last words being, "I'm goin' ter be the boss of dese Tai-Waunese! Yer kean't rub dat," and then, very faintly in the distance came the word, "out."

The moon rose early and Sam decided to keep on until they reached the Chinese district.

None of them spoke for a long time, and even then did not keep up a conversation.

They were thinking of Hank.

At daybreak they halted, but found themselves still a long way from the Chinese lines.

Meeting some Tai-Waunese, who had been down to the boundary to trade, they procured some cakes and fruit.

It was wonderful how the savages recognized the figure of the *Mei-jin*.

As soon as a Tai-Wau child can reason it is taught two things.

To revere the figure of a mermaid.

To kill every Chinese who falls into his or her power.

Sam watched, while the ladies slept for a few hours, then they once more started on their journey.

He was wise in electing to go to Tam-Sui, as by doing so, he avoided the "Valley of the Geysers."

About sunset they entered the level tea-district, owned by the Chinese, and Mary and Mrs. Colonel Warde forever quitted the savage land in which they had passed through so many adventures.

They were advancing at a trot, the ponies being delighted to reach smooth ground, when they saw a cavalcade galloping towards them.

Sam halted and cocked his rifle.

"Why, they're carrying an American flag!" ejaculated Mary.

"By thunder! so they are!" cried Sam, starting the ponies.

As they neared each other, the leader of the strangers shouted:

"Halt!"

"My husband! oh, my Johnnie!" shrieked Mrs. Colonel Warde, whacking her pony over the head and shooting before Sam.

"Halt!" once more exclaimed the colonel, for it was that gentleman. Being dusk, and the costume of the party somewhat torn, he could scarcely tell who they were.

Ere he could repeat his hail, his wife's pony dashed up, and, as she flew past him, the lady clutched him about the waist, crying:

"Oh, Johnnie! I'm your own true wife! I've forgiven you for marrying that horrid creature, Mercy Hatter!"

In a short time Sam and Mary were surrounded by a number of American and English merchants from Tam-Sui, who, at the instigation of the colonel and Mr. Dow—the latter having lately been appointed to the consulship of the chief tea port—had formed themselves into an expedition for the purpose of recovering Sassy and Hank from the savages.

Mary was the center of attraction, and Sam had, over and over again, to relate the story of her rescue.

"Glad to see you, both!" said Consul Dow, shaking our hero by the hand. "So Hank has turned Tai-Wauner?"

"We're real glad to see you. Yer kean't rub dat out!" laughed Sassy, adding—"Yes; Hank is among the mermaids—he's a Talealee, now."

That night the ladies slept in a small hut belonging to one of the tea-gatherers, and Sam

stretched his weary limbs on the ground by the side of his friend the consul.

The next morning they resumed their journey, passing through mile after mile of plantations, in which the Chinese were at work preparing tea for the American and English markets.

That afternoon they reached the hospitable shelter of Consul Dow's roof, where the ladies were provided with a change of garments; and that evening, for the first time in their lives, Sam and Mary were seated, side by side, at a civilized table.

After dinner Sassy, who had changed his costume, took a place by his sweetheart, and listened to the colonel's story: How he had dreamed about his wife, and, finally, had given up his business in Japan, and determined to visit Tam-Sui, and penetrate the savage district in search of her.

"Oh, Johnnie!" said the lady, as he concluded his speech, "I always told Mary Sumner that you would save us—and my words have come true."

"Yes," laughed the colonel; "I saved you when all the danger was over; as our friend Sassy says—Yer kean't rub dat out!" then, turning to our hero added: "Mr. Sumner, I am going to settle here. I find there is money to be made in the tea business; will you become my partner? I will give you one-fourth of the profits. I believe that is a fair offer?"

"Yer kean't rub dat out!" answered Sam. "I'll talk it over with Miss Mary. Meanwhile, colonel, I thank you kindly."

A few evenings after, Mary and Sassy were on the veranda of the mansion—Mrs. Dow and the consul having withdrawn in order to give them an opportunity of being alone.

"Mary dear," said our hero, stroking Johnnie's head, "shall I take the colonel's offer?"

"Do what you think best!" she murmured.

"Mary," he softly continued, "Before I enter into this partnership, I want a treasure that you alone can give me! I shall then be as rich—richer than the colonel!"

"What do you mean?" she faltered—as he gazed at her towards him.

"Yoursel!" he whispered. "Without you, my darling, what is life or money to Sassy Sam? Say yes, honey. I think I've shown that I love you."

"Yes, dear Sassy!" she said—then, as he gazed down into her loving eyes, faintly added: "Yer kean't rub dat out!"

Sassy and Mary became man and wife, and he entered into partnership with Colonel Warde. Mrs. Sumner often talks about her adventures among the Tai-Waunese, and a sturdy, little boy, who toddles about their residence and teases Job's life out, is called Sassy, but she frets about Hank sometimes, and when the setting sun lights up the hill-tops she points to the Tai-Waun range and says to her son:

"Sassy—poor uncle Hank is up there. Whereupon the child, imitating his father, cunningly answers:

"Yes, mamma! Yer can't rub that out!"

[THE END.]

Useful and Instructive Books.

HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding and managing all kinds of pets. Also giving full instructions for making cages, nests, etc. Fully explained by 28 handsome illustrations, making it the most complete book of the kind ever published. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO KEEP BIRDS.—Handsomely illustrated, and containing full instructions for the management and training of the canary, mocking-bird, bobolink, black-bird, paroquet, parrot, etc., etc. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, post-paid, on receipt of the price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.—Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or we will send it to your address on receipt of the price. Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also, experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equalled. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or it will be sent to you address, postage free, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO MAKE LOVE.—A complete guide to love, courtship, and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known. For sale by all newsdealers, price 10 cents, or sent, postage free, upon receipt of price. Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple and almost costless. Read this book, and be convinced. "How to Become Beautiful." Price ten cents. For sale by book and newsdealers, or send ten cents to Frank Tousey, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York, and it will be mailed to your address, post paid.